THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 46.

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.

How many of us have ships at sea,
Freighted with wishes, and hopes, and fears
Tossing about on the waves, while we
Linger and wait on the shore for years.
Gazing afar though the distance dim,
And sighing, will ever our ships come in?

We sent them away with laughter and song,
The decks were white, the sails were new,
The fragrant breezes bore them along,
The sea was calm and the skies were blue,
And we thought as we watched them sail away
Of the joy they would bring us some future day.

Long have we watched beside the shore
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,
But we only hear the breakers' roar
Or the sweeping night-wind's dismal wail,
Till our cheeks grow pale, and our eyes grow dim
And we sadly sigh, will they never come in?

Oh poor sad heart with its burden of cares,
Its aims defeated, its worthless life,
That has garnered only the thorns and the tares
That is scarred and torn in the pitiful strife
Afar on the heavenly golden shore
Thy ships are anchored forever more.

A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"DO you love me still? Will you let me repair my past folly?" again Jack whispered.

Ethel's answer completely staggered him.

"There are two questions, and they require two answers," she replied, in a low steady voice. "I do not love you still—not as I did then. And in my opinion, nothing could repair your past folly. Weakness and faithlessness are just the two failings I could never excuse in a man. They are so supremely feminine!"

Jack straightened himself rigidly.

"I have been misled," he said shortly.

"Not by me, directly or indirectly."

"Was it not in deference to your wish that Sir Geoffrey invited me to Mallingford?"

"Certainly. But may not a young woman wish to see a young man in whom she takes a very warm friendly interest, without the young man repaying her by an offer of marriage? Come—let us be friends—the very best of friends. You are not madly in love with me, you know. It was as much pity for my supposed love-lorn state as anything that led you to make this declaration. Now you see I am not love-lorn, and you have done your duty by me in giving me the chance you thought I was pining for, so there is an end of it."

"I don't understand you one bit."

"Of course not. We women pride ourselves on not being understood. It is the only defence we have, the power of hiding our feelings. Come—let us find papa, and we will forget all about this foolish talk, and be just as comfortable together as we were before."

Jack obeyed rather surlily. It was a change for him to be treated in this light off-hand way by Ethel, after he had been taught to believe that it was his bounden duty to rescue her from the slough of slighted affections.

But, though he was really very fond of her, and would doubtless have made her an excellent husband, his pride was more deeply touched than his feelings by her refusal, so there was plenty of room for hope that he would quickly recover from the blow.

Ethel made her way in and out among the well-dressed crowd, in search of her father. She was a little, just a very little, elated at the course things had taken. It was only natural that she should enjoy giving Jack "tit" for his "tat," though she would have avoided doing it if she could; however, she could not blame herself in any degree, and for the life of her she could not help feeling a little pardonable triumph—more especially as she divined rightly the depth of his devotion and guessed he would soon solace himself elsewhere.

She trembled a little as she remembered the close confidence existing between Jack and Pelling. She knew Jack would tell his friend all before he slept that night, and she wondered what would happen then. If, after all, Alec had ceased to love her! the thought was too distressing; so she put it from her resolutely, and tried, with a certain amount of success, to keep her thoughts on other subjects.

Pelling, looking at them when they at last met, guessed that something had taken place. He could see their evident flurry, but he could not tell how matters had fared with Jack.

He believed them to be favorable. If it should prove so, his task would be finished; he would have reunited Ethel to the only man she could ever care for, and he would drown his own heart-griefs in the excitement of foreign travel.

The men lingered longer than usual in the dining-room that evening, and Ethel found the time hang heavy on her hands. Presently she heard the footsteps of the three cross the hall in the direction of the billiard-room, and she was surprised that they had not asked her to mark for them. She felt nervous and anxious, and was tired of being alone. With this feeling upon her, she decided to get a book, and for a time at least forget the thought which oppressed her.

She went to the library and wheeled the steps to a certain shelf that held the works of her favorite authors. There was only one lamp in the large room, but there was a large fire burning in the grate. She was wearing a ruby-colored velvet dress, buttoned up to the throat with large cut-steel buttons that glimmered and sparkled coldly from their warm setting. It was made, in defiance of fashion's stern rule, without frill or puffing, and fell gracefully and softly about her shapely figure.

When she had reached the top of the library steps, the room door opened, and Captain Pelling entered. He began to pace in decided agitation up and down the dimly-lighted room. Ethel turning round hastily and seeing who it was uttered a little exclamation of dismay.

"Miss Ethel! I did not see you. Looking for a book? Aren't you afraid of falling? Come down and let me get it for you." He was at the foot of the steps, his hand outstretched to help her.

"I'm not at all afraid, thank you; and I have not decided on a book yet."

This was not quite true—for she was a little afraid, although not of the steps. She saw even in the dim light a look in his eyes which told of a newly-born hope in his heart; and, though she had been longing for the last four months to hear this man tell her he loved her, now that she felt the moment for the avowal was come, she wished to put it off.

"Won't you do without your novel-reading to-night and let me tell you a tale instead?"

Her heart went out to him as she detected a quiver of painful anxiety in his voice.

"If it is a nice tale and ends happily," she answered. "I like all tales to end happily. Does yours?"

"It depends on what you consider happiness; what to you may seem happiness may to me be the depth of despair. Will you come down and listen?"

Ethel descended from her perch and took the chair he had set for her, he seating himself opposite.

"It is a very short story," he began as he turned up the lamp and stirred the fire. Then he went on—"Once on a time two men loved one woman. They both loved her very dearly, but of course they could not both marry her. Now it happened that the one she loved offended her very grievously, and the one that she did not love tried to ingratiate himself through the favored one's offence. But the cause of offence was suddenly removed, and then the unloved one said to himself, 'Her heart is bound up in this man; she will never know happiness but as his wife; she does not love me. I will devote my life to making her happy by bringing them together.' Well, he did. He helped the favored man, to make him more worthy of her. It was the one dream, the one ambition of his life, to set them united. Of course there were times when he felt still that he could never know happiness without her himself. He was a selfish beggar at the best; but he really did do all he could for the man she loved. Imagine then his astonishment when the man whom he had thought she loved came to him one day and said 'It has been all a mistake on your part; she does not care for me at all.' Think what disappointment it was to the poor wretch who had been working to bring them together at the sacrifice of his own feelings! When he had recovered from the first pang of disappointment, he began to wonder what her refusal meant, and a sudden mad thought came into his head. It was a wild, improbable, unreasonable thought. There were no grounds for it—in fact, all things seemed to point in an opposite direction. Still the thought was in his mind. Shall I tell you what that thought was?" He paused for a moment at this point, and then moving nearer to her, went on—"He thought that perhaps, in the great tenderness of her heart, this woman had at first pitied him for a certain unhappiness that clouded his life for a time, that possibly she had overrated his efforts on her behalf, and that, between her feelings of pity and gratitude, she was carried a little out of herself and imagined she ought, as a matter of duty, you know, to marry the man she did not really love. Then he said, 'This must not be; I will go and set her mind at rest, and tell her not to worry about me. I shall be all right by-and-by, and shall learn in a short time to be contented without her.'"

Again he stopped. Ethel was looking steadily at the fire; but she did not remove her gaze as she asked—

"And did he go?"

"Yes; he went."

"And what did the woman say?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell at present!"

"You don't know the end of the story?"

"No! I have come to ask you to finish it for me."

"I see"—with a smile. "This is how I should finish it. The humble-minded man, who did not think it possible that he could be loved for himself alone, went to the woman and told her he should learn to be contented without her in time, upon which the woman rose and held out her hands, saying, 'But I can never learn to be contented without you, Alec, for I love you very, very dearly!'"

A faint little whisper that sounded like "My own, own love!" floated through the room; and Captain Pelling and Ethel Malling were locked in a close embrace.

* * * * * *

"It is very dreadful to have to say it; but I think I began to love you just when it was wrong to do so—on the day you came to tell me you had discovered your wife was living. Then came that unhappy time, and the letters written in Jack's behalf really helped yourself. At last when I saw you so ill and sorrowful-looking, my heart went out to you."

"This will be a sorrowful blow to Jack!"

"Never mind Jack now. Your kindness has made him think himself a paragon. I think it will do him good to find out that he is not so irresistible as he fancied himself."

Presently, after some further conversation, Ethel said—

"Papa will wonder what has become of us. We had better go and tell him everything. He will be so pleased."

"Do you think so?" Pelling asked doubtfully; and Ethel, throwing her arms about his neck, answered him with kisses.

Of course Sir Geoffrey was delighted. As a man, he thought as highly of Captain Pelling as of any one he knew. Besides he had undoubted advantages of birth and position, and would make an excellent master of the household when the present possessor should have gone to his rest.

Jack was inclined to be displeased at first; but it was characteristic of the facile nature of the man that he consented to be conciliated, and stayed on right into the summer, making Mallingford his head-quarters during his trips into the surrounding country to touch up from nature Lord Summers's six pictures. And, as the days lengthened to their longest, Pelling gradually recovered much of his old brightness. Ethel was devoted to him, and there was no sense of shame in her love.

Sometimes people, looking at her radiant young beauty and his grave maturity, wondered at the girl's unconcealed devotion and admiration.

One day some one ventured to say something of the kind to her. Her eyes flashed a little as she answered—

"You don't know him as he really is—if you did, you would not be surprised."

Alec took her to Paris on their wedding-trip, and amid the gaieties of the city they did not forget one day to pay a visit to Pauline's grave. Ethel placed a large wreath of immortelles on the resting-place of her unfortunate cousin, and turned away with a lump rising in her throat.

Husband and wife were both very silent on the way back to their hotel. Neither spoke of what was in their mind until after dinner, when Alec, putting his arm round Ethel, said quietly—

"My great love for you came from the perfect truthfulness of your nature, little wife; if that poor girl had only been like you, she would probably have been a happy honored wife to-day."

Ethel laid her head upon his shoulder; and, though she agreed with her husband, she could hardly tell if she wished it had been so.

They received one visitor before they passed on towards Italy—it was Babette, now Madame Couronne, of the Boulevard des Italiens. She had invested her five thousand pounds judiciously, and was already becoming rather celebrated as one of the leading modistes of the city. She wished one piece of news to be conveyed to Sir Geoffrey.

Messrs. Daws and Raven had made "a flash in the pan" with their two thousand five hundred pounds; they had speculated through a man who was "hammered" the very next settling day, and lost every penny.

They had taken new offices and furnished them expensively, with the hope of increasing their business, so that, when the crash came, they were in a worse plight than ever.

"They wanted me to join in the same speculation," added Madame Couronne, "with the money your father had been so generous as to insist upon my accepting

but you have a proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and I kept my money under my own management, as maidaine sees, with a good result."

* * * * * *

Erect white-haired Sir Geoffrey is never so happy as when he is walking out with toddling Geoffrey Malling-Pelling, who is to carry on the old family name by-and-by. Captain Pelling is a J. P., and everything else that a country gentleman should be; and, in spite of the many calls on him, he is always able to spend plenty of time in his wife's society. The pleasure these two find in each other's society is as strong to-day as it was on their wedding-tour, and it is likely to increase rather than diminish, for it is a union founded on the most lasting of all foundations—a deep mutual respect and an impregnable faith.

[THE END.]

Uncle Phil's Secret

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

SEPTEMBER is scarcely out, and yet for more than a week we have been having such dreadful weather that poor mamma and I (always terribly at the mercy of atmospheric influences) are reduced to the very lowest possible ebb of low spirits and despondency by the long variation of fog and wet, wet and fog, that has kept us shut up day after day like a couple of prisoners in our small house at Kennington.

"Don't you wish we could afford to send for a cab and drive off to the theatre this evening, mamma?" I ask, with a sigh one afternoon towards the end of this soul-depressing period, as I glance through the misty windows at the muddy pavements and the lead-colored sky, shutting us in like a vault of gloom above the chimney-pots, with a very vivid recollection in my mind of the intensely alluring announcements some of the West-end houses are already beginning to set forth to the public.

"Depend upon it mamma," I add, despondently, "if we stay shut up here much longer, 'all alone along of our two selves,' as our old servant Susan Simpkins used to say when she went for a walk in the park with her young man, we shall go melancholy mad or something! I don't know what the premonitory symptoms of softening of the brain are, but if it is anything like a down-hearted, despondent, tearful sort of feeling, I believe I have got it coming on rapidly!"

"The theatre! My dear, you forget that we went to the Lyceum not more than six or eight weeks ago; and then there was that little trip to the Crystal Palace last—June was it? and pleasure-keeping, you know, my dear Ada, does cost so dreadfully!" exclaims poor mamma, utterly frightened and aghast at the mere suggestion of such extravagance as I am hinting at.

"Yes," I reply, with a laugh; "we dined yesterday, and yet, strange to say, I was not averse to dining again to-day! It is positively astonishing the capacity some people have for more, when more means anything pleasant! I believe I could go and do the whole round of all the sights in London, and then begin again and do them all over afresh with undiminished vigor and delight! I suppose there are a few rich and favored mortals in the world who can afford to go to the theatre three or four times a week if they fancy it; and I really think, mamma," I add, discontentedly, "that we might contrive as many visits in the course of a whole year!"

"But, my dear, pray remember——" mamma begins, in her timid little way.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," I hasten to add, seeing with what a frightened look she is regarding me. "Of course it is all my nonsense! I know as well as you do that we can't afford it; and perhaps if I shut my eyes and make believe very hard, I can fancy myself there, sweeping the great, glittering horse-shoe with my opera-glass, and feasting my eyes on the lovely faces and ravishing toilets in the boxes and stalls; on the great curtain, shutting one out from those mysterious regions behind the foot-lights, and soon to rise on say, Irving's Hamlet or Nillson's Marguerite!

"See what a blessing it is to have a powerful imagination, mamma!" I continue, a little derisively I am afraid; "and taxing mine to its utmost, I can almost fancy that I hear the orchestra striking up the first few bars of the overture, the flutter of fans, and the soft hum of talk and laughter as the audience drop into their places; but perhaps it might be as well to think no more about it. We are dreadfully poor, and such delights are not for us."

"My dear child, pray let us try to be thankful that we are not worse off than we really are," is the gentle reply. "We might so easily have been, you know—think how many are."

Mamma is right, and I know it. I am not half grateful enough for the many blessings I enjoy; for small as our income is, we have never felt the real pinch of actual poverty; and if not a grand home, I have a very happy one, with my kind little widowed mother, and then, have I not the sweet hope of future happiness with the lover of my choice, who is working so hard and so faithfully out in China for the means of making a home of our own by-and-by?

I am not twenty yet; but for all that I fancy that I know something of the real depth and bitterness of life; for six months ago, when Robert Dalesford held me in his arms, with that white despairing look on his face—that dear, kind face, that I might never see again—and gave me his last good-bye kiss; I felt as if my heart must break, and that the pain of the parting was more than my strength of endurance could support!

When Robert was first appointed to that responsible position in the branch house out at Canton, by the head of the great commercial firm to which he belonged, he pleaded very hard to take me with him; but on this point mamma, usually one of the most yielding and persuadable of women, was inflexible.

From the very first she refused to hear of it. It was impossible—quite out of the question—she declared.

Robert would not be gone more than two or three years at the outside, and that would soon slip away, and there would be plenty of time to think about marrying when we were both a little older, and the strength of our love had been tested by time and absence; and the end of all was that Robert was obliged to yield, though very reluctantly.

"If you always remain as much opposed to the notion of parting with Ada as you are now my dear Mrs. Upton, what a little I shall have to fear from rivals during my absence," Robert remarked a little sadly one day not long before his departure for China, "and yet we hear so much about match-making mammas!" he added, with rather a sorrowful little smile.

"Ah, that's the woman whose daughters go a-begging," I replied, audaciously. "Mamma knows very well, that as soon as your back is turned there will be any number of high and mighty personages proposing for the honor of my hand. But don't be alarmed, Robert," I added, seeing the necessity of imparting a more cheerful tone to the conversation, "I mean to be true to you, even though a duke himself (and it must be wonderfully nice to be a duchess) comes a-wooing o' me."

A laugh and a kiss was the reply, Robert was too much accustomed to my little vagaries to be at all shocked by them; and a few days later he was on his voyage to China, to look after the interest of his firm in the land of the celestials, while mamma and I took up the quiet thread of our daily life at Kennington.

We were very poor—disgracefully so—I believe, in the eyes of the only near relative we possessed, my stately aunt Frances—the rich sister of whom mamma always spoke rather nervously, as having made such a wonderfully wealthy marriage, and who lived in a big house out in one of the fashionable West-end squares, to which we were never invited, and who with her two daughters, Maud and Claudia, visited in what mamma and I, from our lowly point of observation, were disposed to regard as the very *creme-de-la-creme* of fashionable society.

Beyond a few formal visits when poor papa lay dying of decline some ten years ago, I never remember aunt Frances coming to see us in our humble little home, which, small though it was, was sufficient for us, and to the comfortable homeliness of which we had contrived to impart a quiet air of taste and elegance, of which many a statelier establishment might have been proud.

As a rule, neither mamma nor I are much given to the dismals; but somehow, as I stand at the little parlor window of No. 30, Alberta Terrace this afternoon, staring out on the dismal little Kennington Street, while my limbs seem fairly to ache for want of exercise, I feel as if I have come to the very end of all my resources for amusement, and that existence is a very cheerless affair indeed.

The two great events of my life are over and done with for the time. The last China mail has brought me one of Robert's long, delightful letters, and my answer must be fairly out of sight of the shores of England by this time, laden with all the fond messages and foolish little scraps of gossiping home-news I can think of, and every word of which, foolish as I know it to be, will be so read, and treasured, and remembered by the dear eyes for which they are intended. I have exhausted our whole stock of magazines, and I have arrived at the end of the last volume from the little Kennington lending-library, with the miserable conviction that the next I shall obtain from that renowned repository of literature will be a shade more dreary than the one I have finished if possible; and as to visitors—alas! our chance of that is small indeed! Beyond an occasional invitation to tea, or to a very small and modest evening-party, our means are too limited to allow of our entertaining company; and as mamma is quite too proud to accept of hospitalities she cannot return, our circle of acquaintances is not large.

"Does it still rain, dear?" inquires mamma, looking placidly up from the intricate piece of needlework over which she had been straining her eyes for the last two hours, and that gives me the fidgets merely to contemplate.

"Rain?" I repeat, with a shrug. "What a question, mamma! Have you not forgotten that this delectable London sky of ours never does anything else? Of course it rains. But the street lamps are lighted now, and that makes an improvement; so I think I will put on my ulster, and go for a constitutional in spite of it."

"Too late, my dear," is the reply; "you know I object to your being out alone after dusk; and my neuralgia prevents my offering to accompany you."

"As if I were not old enough to take care of myself!" I laugh. "Oh, mamma!" I add, with a sigh, "I am positively longing for a breath of fresh air, and I believe if I stay shut up in the house much longer, that I shall sit down and cry my eyes out; and the ridiculous part of the business is, that I really don't at all know what for."

"Happy girl! May you always remain in the same blissful state of ignorance," mamma replies, as, rising from her seat, she comes to the window and slips her arm about me. "Ah, Ada, dear! how many times have I felt ready to cry my eyes out—but I always know too well what about," she adds, with a sigh. "But cheer up, dear. The glass is rising rapidly, and I believe we shall get a fine day, to-morrow; and if so, we will go out and have one of our long, delightful afternoons in the Park or picture-gallery, whichever you prefer. I believe the change would do us both some good."

Mamma's prophecy is fulfilled! Morning dawns—such a delightful contrast to the gloomy weather that has preceded it; and life looks quite fifty per cent. the brighter to me as I run merrily up stairs to don my walking-things for our little trip to the West-end.

"Put on your very best bonnet, mamma!" I exclaim, popping a smiling face through the door of the little bedroom in which she is dressing. "We are going into aristocratic quarters, you know; and we may meet the duke, and I would not have you disgrace me with that ancient abomination of which you are so fond for worlds!"

Mamma smiles indulgently; but she is too much accustomed to the mention of that imaginary nobleman, whom I am in the habit of assuring her and Robert is to some day come and lay his heart and coronet at my feet, after the manner of the alluring beings who are always turning up in novels to tempt poor engaged young women from their allegiance to absent lovers, to be very much exercised in mind by the prospect.

"I can't marry him, but for all that it isn't worth while to give him a bad impression of my family," I remark. "It is painful to be obliged to hurt his feelings, but I can't desert Robert you know, mamma! Not even for a coronet!"

"I doubt if you will ever be much tempted, my love," is the smiling reply. "Coronets are scarcely so plentiful as to be lying about at the feet of all the young women whose lovers are absent. Depend upon it, Robert is not much afraid!"

"Oh! I don't know about that," I reply. "He used to be, for he once reminded me of the dreadful fate of the 'Fair Imogene,' the young woman whose lover 'went to fight for warr or's laurels,' you know; and to whom, when he had not been gone but a year and a day—

" 'A baron all covered with silver and gold,
Came and asked her his spouse to be—be—' "

I sing.

"Do you remember the ghastly fate that overtook Miss Imogene, mamma? And do you suppose that Robert's ghost would come back, and act in such an appalling manner to me, if I ever gave way to perjury?"

"You ridiculous child!" laughs mamma. "I wonder if you are going to stand there chattering nonsense all day, instead of getting ready for your walk? If anyone gets tired of the bargain, I should say it would be Robert. Don't be surprised to hear that he had deserted you for some lovely yellow-skinned Chinese lady, with wonderfully little feet and a long pigtail!"

"Dear Robert! How easy it is to talk nonsense!" I think, as I stand smiling at my own reflection in the glass as I hurry on my stylish hat and walking-jacket; "but if anything like that were to happen, I believe I should break my heart outright;" and the next minute, with a sense of real enjoyment, we are in the street that looks so bright and bustling under the clear sky and welcome sunshine.

"What a wonderful influence the weather has upon one's spirits!" I think, as I take my seat in the 'bus that carries us to Oxford Street, where mamma has a little business to transact; and from there we make our way into the Park, which, so far as the fashionable world is concerned, is a mere desert at present.

There are a few carriages in the drive, and still fewer riders in the Row; but the grass is green, and the sight of the trees, even though the falling leaves too plainly reveal the fact that winter is creeping upon us, is sufficiently refreshing to eyes that have spent the long, hot summer in town without so much as a week of country or seaside.

"I believe I must be a thorough-paced little cockney, mamma," I remark, with a long, deep breath of delight, "for I positively love the Park; and how I wish we could live close to it!"

"West-end houses are invariably dear and dingy," says practical mamma.

"Which would suit neither our pockets nor our tastes," I laugh; "but all the same, it would be wonderfully pleasant. One never knows with what distinguished mortals one might have the honor of rubbing shoulders out in this part of the world! Just look at that exquisite young man who is riding past. What a deal his tailor has done for him! Now what should you take him to be, mamma—a lord or an earl? He looks aristocratic enough for anything," I remark.

"I really can't say, Ada. I never saw but one earl to my knowledge, and he was old, and ugly, and dreadfully shabby; but whether he was a fair type of his order ——"

"Why, how do you do, aunt Mabel?—how do you do, cousin Ada? This is an unexpected pleasure indeed!" exclaims a surprised young voice, clear as a silver bell; and the next moment mamma and I are glancing up through the sunlight shimmering through the trees into the smiling face of a stylish young lady in a short, tight-fitting habit, who, reining her horse close up to the railings, is bending down in her saddle to offer us a dainty little hand in one of the most exquisitely-fitting riding-gloves possible to conceive.

* * * * * *

It is Claudia Houghton, my aunt's youngest daughter, who, with her pretty face in a glow from exercise, and her fair hair knotted up in the most approved style under her tall riding-hat appears to my admiring eyes as the very *beau ideal* of fashionable elegance as she sits smiling nonchalantly down at us from the back of her horse.

"Are you surprised to see me in London, aunt Mabel?" she asks. "We are in town, you know, on account of Maude's approaching marriage; or didn't you hear of it? Mamma came up to see about the trousseau—and such a fuss as we are all in! Positively I begin to think getting married must be quite a serious business!" Claudia laughs; "but Maude's future husband is very rich. Therefore the wedding is to be quite a grand affair—eight bridesmaids and the ceremony performed by a bishop! What the dresses are to be like is as yet undecided, I believe; but both mamma and Maude are worried about to such an extent by milliners, jewelers, and all sorts of tiresome people, that I have almost made up my mind that when my time comes I'll run away and get married in my habit! Save a deal of bother, don't you think so?" she laughs, in her airified way.

We offer our congratulations and good wishes for Maude's happiness, and mamma remarks—

"There is one thing that you have not yet told us, my dear. What is the name of the happy man?"

"Oh! It is Mr. Langton. He is quite old, and neither handsome nor agreeable; but then you know one can't have everything!" is the careless reply. "He is very rich, as perhaps you know—belongs to a good family, owns coal-mines and things, and has a grand old place in Cornwall. Maude will be quite a great county lady, I believe; so she is not so much to be pitied, is she?"

Mamma looks as if she did not feel quite so certain of that, and, evidently with the object of changing the subject, inquires—

"Do you know, dear, whether your mamma has received any tidings from Australia lately?"

"Yes, quite lately and not of the most gratifying nature either," the fair equestrian replies. "You know, aunt what a strong impression we were all under that uncle Philip had made an immense fortune out there? So firmly indeed did mamma believe this, that she often regretted that he ever married. It would have been so convenient, she thought, for Maude and I to have had a rich uncle without children of his own; but he did marry, and had one daughter, I believe, as well as a son, who died in childhood years ago. As to the money," she adds, with an airy little wave of her tiny riding-whip, "it must have been all a mistake about that I suppose, or else he has lost it, for he writes to say that his daughter is dead, and that he is coming home a poor, lonely old man!"

"Coming home!" mamma repeats, her whole frame trembling with emotion. "Oh! Claudia, are you quite sure, dear? Poor Philip! How many times have I longed to see him—and can it be that my wish is about to be gratified? He is my only brother you know, dear, and it is so many, many years since I saw him!" she says, simply.

"Well, aunt Mabel, I can only say that you feel very differently about it from mamma," is the laughing reply. "She is by no means anxious for a sight of this long absent brother. On the contrary, she was very much annoyed by his proposal to come to us on his arrival in England! It would be anything but convenient to have a poor relation quartered upon us just as Maude is about to distinguish herself and family by such a brilliant marriage! And his letter says distinctly that he is coming home a broken-hearted old man, who has experienced great losses, in the hope of finding a friendly fireside by which to end his days! Of course, with a couple of daughters to establish in life, mamma has something else to do besides comforting broken-hearted old men. Therefore she has written back to postpone his visit indefinitely; so if you have any particular desire for his coming, I daresay you will have little difficulty in obtaining it! A letter addressed to him at the Langham Hotel will find him, I believe. But I must wish you good afternoon, aunt Mabel," she concludes, gathering up her bridle with a glance at her groom, who is waiting at the regulation distance behind; and with a wave of the daintily-gloved hand, Claudia is dashing down the Row at a pace that brings the color to her bright blonde face, and the light to her sparkling blue eyes.

For a few moments mamma walks on in silence, and on glancing into her face I see that her eyes are full of tears. I have heard the history of this unknown uncle Philip, who went out to Australia at some remote period, before I was born, too often not to know how deeply Claudia's tidings have affected her.

"Don't cry, mamma," I whisper slipping my hand under her arm; "ours is a very humble little home—but it is a home—and that is more than can be said for many a far more pretentious abode; and suppose we go straight back to Kennington and write a nice little letter to uncle Philip, just to tell him that there is plenty of room for him by our fireside? If we have nothing else to offer him, we can at least offer him the shelter of our roof and the sympathy of our hearts."

"Heaven bless you, my dear! You are always good and thoughtful, and I knew you would feel in a moment what we ought to do," is the reply. "Phil was a good brother to me in the old days before he left England, and I cannot bear the thought of his returning to his native land, after all these years of absence, to find no door open to receive him—poor and in trouble too! He has not written to me for years; but I think it was greatly my own fault. When your poor papa died, and I found myself in such reduced circumstances, I felt a natural delicacy about communicating with my friends. I did not wish anyone to think I was intruding on their charity, you know; and your uncle, misconstruing my motive for not writing so freely as of old, perhaps took offence and deserted me altogether."

The task of writing to uncle Phil devolves upon me; and as soon as tea is over, and the lamps lighted in the little Kennington parlor, I sit down to my desk and write to him.

Whether he has already arrived in England we do not know; but the letter addressed "Philip Ludlow, Esq., Langham Hotel," is written and dispatched; and post after post we wait, in hourly expectation of a reply.

I hear the familiar sound of the postman's knock; and the next moment mamma and I are quivering, like a pair of fluttered pigeons, over a large, square envelope, from which the following is extracted:

"DEAR MABEL,

"And so it is still the same warm-hearted little Mabel of old—so ready to offer a home to the brother whom she has not seen for so many long years! My dear, I accept your offer and that of my niece with gratitude! I was afraid, as we had heard nothing from each other so long, that you must have forgotten me, and very glad indeed I am to find myself mistaken. Expect me some time to-morrow; and many thinks, my dear, for your kindness to a lonely, homeless old man.

"Your affectionate brother,

"PHILIP LUDLOW."

"To-morrow!" I gasp, with a glance at the date, "that means to-day! Good gracious! Mamma, I must go after that cretonne directly; I've set my heart on the poor old chair's creating as favorable a first impression as possible; and what will uncle Phil think of it if he sees it in such a guise as that?"

And ten minutes later I am in the little linen-draper's shop at the corner, gravely considering the relative merits of a couple of gaily-tinted fabrics, which the obliging young man behind the counter flourishes under my eyes, with the remark that "one is five-three-farthings, and the other six-three."

Influenced by motives of economy as much as anything, I decide upon the five-three, and hurry back to No. 30 as quickly as possible, to find a cab in front of the open street-door, and a fine, tall, hale-looking man, with a pair of broad shoulders and a magnificent dark beard, in the front parlor, in the very act of kissing my mamma.

Like a statue of astonishment I stop dead-short in the doorway, my parcel going down at my feet, and my tongue, for about the first time in my life, too firmly tied to utter a word.

"And here is Ada. What do you think of my daughter, Philip?" mamma inquires.

"Philip! Why, mamma, you don't mean to tell me that this is uncle Phil?" I gasp, staring up in amazement at the handsome, stalwart stranger, who, upright as a dart, and without a gray hair in his head, is about as little like the feeble, pottering old man I have been picturing to myself, as it is possible to conceive.

"You look as if I had rather disappointed your expectations concerning me, my child," the stranger exclaims, as he takes my hand and kisses me heartily. "Never mind, Ada, perhaps I shall improve on acquaintance."

"Oh, it isn't that," I begin, with a second glance at the strong, broad shoulders, and the erect, dark head, "only you don't look as if you stood in very much need of easy-chairs and walking-sticks, and all that sort of thing you know, uncle Phil; and mamma and I have been making such immense preparations for your reception in that line!" I laugh.

"No, thank Heaven, not yet," he smiles. "But for all that I shall know how to appreciate any little kindness you can afford to show me, my dear!"

The days that follow are the happiest we have known since Robert's departure for China; and in some strange, almost imperceptible way, our financial affairs seem to have improved to an almost incredible extent since the coming of uncle Phil. We, who had thought to share our little with one who had perhaps even less than ourselves, had somehow found that little so much increased by what our guest called his "humble contributions to the common stock," that we were even better off than before he came.

"I tell you what it is, uncle Phil," I remonstrate one day, with a grave look at the tempting pair of roast fowls that garnish our humble board, "we are all poor people in this establishment, and if you go on at this rate you will be ruined, and mamma and I so pampered and spoiled, that we shall never be able to descend to a plain diet any more. Fowls to-day, a turkey on Sunday, and all sorts of extravagances last week! I wonder what some people can be thinking of?"

"I know what I am thinking of—that you had better eat your dinner and mind your own business, Madame Impudence!" uncle Phil replies.

That is the title he generally bestows upon me now; but for all that we are wonderful friends.

I am already intensely proud and fond of my tall, good-looking uncle, and never weary of all he tells us about his old home at the antipodes—of the beloved daughter of whom he never spoke very fully but once, and then in the twilight, as we all sat talking together around the fire before the bright lamps were lighted one evening.

His voice was husky, and I fancied there were tears in his eyes as he told us of her sudden death in the first bright flush of her girlish loveliness, and of the quiet Australian grave in which he had laid her by the side of the mother and brother who died so many years ago.

Of his money losses he says nothing, nor does he enter into any details concerning his present circumstances.

In this way November wears away, and Christmas is close upon us, when one day the parcel delivery cart deposits a box at No. 30, the contents of which almost take my breath away when it is opened.

A diamond locket and a sealskin jacket for me; with a silk dress and a set of sables—real sables—for mamma!

Speechless with amazement, I drop into the nearest chair, and stare at our mysteriously-acquired treasures.

"Who can have sent them?" exclaims the madre, pale from astonishment as she passes her hand with a caressing touch over the soft warm fur. "If I did not know, my dear Philip, that you had lost all your money, I should be inclined to set you down as the culprit; but these things must have cost a small fortune altogether," she adds, with a glance at the locket.

"That's right, my dear, pray acquit me of such extravagance as squandering my money on such follies as furs and diamonds!" uncle Phil replies, glancing quietly up from his paper.

"It must be aunt Frances," I interpose: "but what can have possessed her? She never did such a thing in all her life before!"

"No, my dear, disinterested generosity is hardly your aunt Frances' distinguishing characteristic, I believe!" is the rather dry reply that emanates from behind the *Times*.

Early in the new year something occurs that occupies a great deal more of uncle Phil's time than either mamma or I at all approve.

An old friend of my uncle's, who is shortly to arrive in England from Australia, has commissioned him to purchase and fit up a house in readiness for his reception on his arrival; and the business connected with this takes him so much from home that we miss him sadly.

One day, a few weeks later, uncle Phil throws us into a little flutter of excitement by the proposal that mamma and I should go and inspect this new house, which is quite ready now for the reception of the owner.

He is very anxious, he tells us, for our opinion on his taste and judgment, and the following day is fixed upon for the visit.

"But how are we to get there?" I inquire. "It is at Richmond, is it not?"

"Mr. Low's carriage will fetch you at one my dear," is the quiet reply.

On the following day the carriage—such a carriage as is seldom seen in Alberta Terrace—lashes up with a magnificent sweep before the door of No. 30; and uncle Phil, evidently quite unimpressed by the sight of the handsome boys and solemn-looking servants on the box, assists us into it with as much indifference as if it were a common street-cab.

It is rather a silent drive. Mamma sits looking with thoughtful, almost sorrowful, eyes through the window, thinking, I fancy of the old days when carriage-riding was an everyday occurance with her; and for once in a way uncle Phil seems to have very little to say for himself.

Mr. Low's well-appointed equipage has prepared me for a good deal in the way of wealth and elegance; but for all that the sight of the handsome Richmond house, when at last we reach it, holds me almost speechless from surprise.

A grave-looking butler, who, from the respectability of his appearance, might have been a bishop, receives us in the hall with as much deference as if we had been the veritable owners of this noble establishment; and uncle Phil, who, it seems to me, is wonderfully at home in his friend's house leads us into the drawing-room, the refined and artistic elegance of which brings a cry of delight to my lips.

"What do you think of it, Ada?" he asks, as I pause in the middle of the room, looking gravely about me. "Is it likely to take a girl's fancy? Will she like it, do you think?"

"She must be a very difficult young lady to please if she does not. If it were mine, I should never want to leave it for anything!"

"Not even to marry Robert Dalesford?" he returns, in his dry little way. "But suppose we return to the drawing-room, my dear! I believe the servants are about to carry in tea."

A small gipsy-table, with a lovely set of old Chelsea, stands before the fire as we enter; and taking her seat behind the silver tray, mamma proceeds to pour orange pekoe and cream into small china cups as coolly as if she were in the little Kennington parlor, instead of this grand Richmond drawing-room.

"I don't know what you may think, uncle Phil," I remark, as I hand him a cup of tea "but it seems to me that we are making ourselves tolerably well at home in other people's house. I wonder what the owner of all this magnificence would think if he could but see us! By-the-way, what are the ladies like for whom all these beautiful rooms have been prepared? Are they deserving of their good fortune, do you really think?"

"Yes, quite deserving of it; but you will shortly have an opportunity of judging for yourself, Ada. You must forgive me for springing such a mine of surprise upon you Mabel," uncle Phil replies, with a glance towards mamma; "but Mr. Low and his family will be here this evening; and not only them, but a gentleman from abroad whose acquaintance I am anxious to make. No objections!" he exclaims, as I am about to speak, "I have provided for all emergencies. Upstairs in your—in the dressing-room, Ada—you will find a box from a fashionable West-end costumier. What it contains I am not precisely able to say; but it ought to be something that will enable you and your mamma to put in a presentable appearance at Mr. Low's little reception this evening."

A presentable appearance indeed, I think, as I shake out the handsome black satin, with rich old-lace collar and cuffs for mamma; and the pretty costume of heliotrope veiling, with silk and satin brocading, for me.

In the pretty new dress I follow mamma to the drawing-room to receive my uncle's friends.

A footman throws open the door on our appearance, and as we enter two gentlemen stand talking together on the hearthrug. One is my uncle, but the other—— .

I cannot believe my eyes, and yet my heart comes into my throat with one great, glad bound, as the figure turns and comes towards me! There is a cry of surprise from me, and a half-whispered "Ada, my darling!" from the new arrival, and the next moment I am close-clasped in Robert Dalesford's arms.

Explanations are cut short at this moment by the servant's announcement that dinner is ready; and uncle Phil steps forward to offer his arm to poor bewildered little mamma, who is evidently in as much doubt as to whether she is really awake as I am.

"But your friends, my dear Philip—you will wait for them surely?" she begins.

"They are all here, Mabel," is the reply. "This roof covers all the friends I care to acknowledge."

"But Mr. Low, Philip?"

"Lud-low, Mabel," he laughs, with a merry little twinkle in his eyes.

"But I don't understand! I thought I was to meet Mr. Low's niece and——"

"She is here," he replies, taking my astonished self on his arm, and presenting me with a sweeping bow to mamma.

"Oh! uncle Phil!" I exclaim, beginning to see the fog in which we were all enveloped. "I believe this house is yours! How *could* you put such a fraud upon us? You said you were a poor man!"

"No, my dear," he replies, "I think, if you remember, you will find it was you who said that."

"But in that letter to Aunt Frances"—— I begin.

"Yes, my dear, I told her I was coming home a poor, lonely old man, who had experienced great losses. I did not mean pecuniary losses; and if she chose to think so, whose fault was that? The fact of my having lost my wife and children in a foreign land never appeared to strike her as any cause for compassion; and on returning to England, after thirty years' absence, I found but one door open to receive me—that of the widowed sister whom I had only too long neglected. But enough of retrospects—let us go to dinner."

A few weeks later we receive an invitation from aunt Frances to the grand ball to be given at Haughton House, in honor of Maude and her husband, on their return from their bridal tour.

"We want no such fair-weather friends as those," my uncle remarks, as he tears the cards into fragments and tosses them into the fire. "You have done without her in adversity, Mabel; surely you can do without her in prosperity?"

Mamma and I have never returned to the little house at Kennington; and as the acknowledged heiress of the rich Mr. Ludlow, and the wife of that very prosperous young merchant, Robert Dalesford, I receive so much attention in the gay world of wealth and fashion, that I sometimes doubt whether it is possible that I can be the same insignificant being who pined in vain for a new dress or a visit to the theatre, in the old days before the disclosure of Uncle Phil's Secret.

CLOVES.—The Dutch, when in possession of the Spice Islands, endeavored to secure a monopoly of cloves, and they bribed the native chiefs to cut down all the clove-trees in the islands, with the exception of those in the island of Amboyna, to which they designed to confine their cultivation. In pursuance of this scheme, military detachments even now visit the islands every year, and cut down the young trees, which grow with astonishing rapidity. But notwithstanding the plans of the Dutch, cloves have been introduced into other parts of the world.

TALLOW TREES.—In different parts of the globe are found various sorts of trees that yield a thick oil or resin, that, like tallow, is used for making candles, and hence the trees are popularly styled tallow trees. The substance is commonly extracted by making a cut in the bark, from which the oily matter exudes. In other cases the seeds are boiled, from which a white tallow is obtained.

Bric-a-Brac.

NATURE'S WONDERS.—Among other wonders revealed by the microscope are four thousand muscles in a caterpillar and one thousand mirrors in the eye of the drone. There are spiders as small as a grain of sand.

MAD DOGS.—M. Pasteur and his collaborators have announced to the French Academy of Sciences the fact that by inoculation they can render all dogs absolutely proof against the effects of rabies, in whatever way or quantity the virus may be administered.

THE RUBY.—The ruby, says an expert, ranks for price and beauty above all other stones. When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market a sum will be offered for it ten times the price given for a diamond of the same weight; but should it reach the weight of ten carats it is almost invaluable.

"SANSCULOTTES."—This term—in allusion to their poor and ragged attire—was applied, during the earlier stages of the great French Revolution, by the Court party to those poor folks of Paris who were foremost in urging the demand for reform. The epithet given in scorn was accepted with pleasure by the people, and it soon came in their eyes to indicate a dress as if to show they gloried in the title. However, after the lapse of a very few years, the name fell into disuse, as it had been connected with so many scenes of bloodshed and revolting cruelty.

NILE WATER.—The well-water of Egypt is occasionally quite bitter and commonly brackish; numerous villagers consequently obtain a livelihood by supplying water from the Nile. This is naturally turbid, and is therefore clarified, in native fashion, by a paste made of almonds, or by filtration through pots of white earthenware baked in the sun. Thus treated however, the Nile water is considered so delicious by the Turks that they frequently eat salt to intensify their thirst; and they have a saying that, if Mahomet had drunk of it, he would have prayed for length of days to enjoy it.

NO USE FOR 'EM.—The following anecdote is from a little book entitled "Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways": "A laboring man, out of work and hungry, went one morning to the surgery of a neighboring parish doctor, sat down, and asked to have one of his teeth taken out. The doctor opened the man's mouth and looked at his teeth, but seeing nothing amiss said, "Which is the tooth, friend?" "Oh, e'er a one you like, sir. I've got nothing for 'em to do, so I thought I might as well get rid of 'em." The doctor, appreciating the joke, gave the man work for hands and teeth both.

NEWSPAPERS.—The authenticated history of newspapers begins in Germany. The earliest plainly periodical collection of the "news of the day," as distinguished from the isolated news-pamphlets (of which there is at least one example of all dating before 1610, still to be found in existing libraries), is the *Frankfurter Journal*, a weekly publication started in 1615. Six years later came the establishment in London of a like paper, under the title of the *Weekly News*. All of these were the enterprise of "stationers," undertaken in the ordinary way of their trade, and hawked about the streets by ordinary "mercuries."

OUR LANGUAGE.—A Frenchman in conversation with an Englishman says: "I'm going to leave my hotel. I paid my bill, yesterday, and I said to the landlord: 'Do I owe anything else?' He said: 'You are square.' 'What am I?' He said again: 'You are square.' 'That's strange,' said I. 'I lived so long I never knew I was square before.' Then as I was going away, he shook me by the hand, saying: 'I hope you'll be round soon.' I said: 'I thought you said I was square. Now you hope I'll be round soon.' He laughed, and said: 'When I tell you you'll be round, I mean you won't be long.' I did not know how many forms he wished me to assume; however, I was glad he did not call me flat."

DIRT.—The majority of houses in Abyssinia have a second story or at least an attic, terminating in a thatched roof. The walls are invariably of mud. Within live the occupants, with their cattle, fowls, dogs, cats and a Noah's ark of insects, which the natives foster with the greatest care by not touching soap and by using very little water. There is plenty of water, however, and the soap grows on trees, but an Ethiopian will tell you without a blush that he is necessarily washed at birth, washes himself on his marriage morn, and hopes to be washed after death. When he feels hard and uncomfortable he will anoint himself with mutton fat till his head and body glisten in the sun.

THE MANGO.—The mango ranks in general estimation as one of the finest of the tropical fruits. It resembles the banana, but is somewhat shorter and thicker. It has a thin skin, and on removing this, the interior is described to consist of "a pulp which melts in the mouth with a cooling sweetness, and a delicious aromatic and subacidulous taste." The mangoes of Asia are said to excel those of America. The ripe fruit is exceedingly perishable, and cannot be brought to this country; the green is made into jellies and preserves. The wood of the mango, among the Hindoos is consecrated to the service of the dead, and is used almost exclusively for coffins or the funeral pyre. It is of a whitish gray color, porous, yet, if kept dry, very durable. The tree sometimes grows to a great size, with an erect trunk, and dark-colored cracked bark.

HIDDEN.

Down in our hawthorn meadow, where
I sometimes stray,
I hear a lone brook, out of breath,
Running away
To hide from all the prying eyes
Of garish day,
And, under covert reeds and rushes
Singing its lay,

Yet God's sweet sky beamed in its face
As on it went;
Music as out of winds and wings,
To it was lent;
Fragrance of mountains and deep woods
Was in its scent,
And God's own flowers grew on its banks
In glad content.

And thus a gentle woman's life
Unknown around,
May bless some still, secluded nook
Seen but of God—
With tender flow of healing waves,
By angels stirred,
With fragrance of celestial bloom
In deed and word,
And music of the angel's harp,
Set to life's chord.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE let Joy lead her to the sofa, and lay her back upon a pillow brought from the bed. Then she jealously watched Joy draw a chair for herself beside it, and sit where her face—far the paler and more suffering of the two—was a little in shadow.

For Joy had a foreshadowing of how difficult this proffered task would be to her, in her weariness and real alarm; and at that moment she would have given everything else the room contained for a piano.

None of her own familiar songs rose unbidden to her lips. On this strange sad night, alone with the girl who looked so near the end of her troubled race, only comforting and sacred words seemed to come naturally from her heart.

She sang first "Lead, Kindly Light," then "The Pilgrims of the Night;" and, seeing how quiet her listener lay, she went through hymn after hymn, just as she remembered them, untiringly, for all the weariness of that long wretched day, for, when she paused, the poor girl beside her grew ill at ease.

But at last she felt that she could recollect no other entire hymn; and she paused smiling, as she detected how weak her voice was sounding, but with no self-pity—she had no room for it, in her engrossing sympathy.

"Yes?" said Jessie, eagerly interrogative. "Yes? Yes?"

Without pausing to search her memory, Joy sang the first verse which came into her mind—

"Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door."

She stopped, for no more could she recall; and, when she did so, Jessie, sleepless still, grew restless.

Joy seemed to see that it signified little that she should sing only the fragments which occurred to her, for she could soothe by them as well as by entire hymns, and it would be a rest for her own voice.

As she thus sang—though she did not know it—her voice grew stronger, richer, happier. The task grew sweet to her, the good words were such true companionship, and, tired as she was, even herself dreaded the silence.

"Love divine, all love excelling."

"No, not that!" cried Jessie breathlessly, raising her locked fingers high above her as she lay. "I said it to her once, and she—— Oh, no, not that, not that!"

"No," said Joy, gently taking the clasped hands in her own; and then her voice rose fresh and clear—

"Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us—
All our weak sins Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its human woe!
Love and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go."

"Yes!" said Jessie eagerly.

And so the girl sang on and on, while the night fell and deepened round the solitary house and at last Jessie slept.

Joy sat beside her, motionless in her intense desire to make no sound, and grateful for the silence of the desolate house; she even looked away from the closed eyes, as if she feared that her very gaze might unclose them.

Opposite to her, upon the wall, was an old print of a man lying dead on the snow, his faithful hound at his feet, while a hawk hovered in the air above him, and Joy dreamily noticed how much more lifeless the figure looked to-night than she had ever seen it look before.

As she sat in this thoughtful silence, still careful herself, but with little fear of any sound beyond those walls disturbing the sleeper, however light her sleep, she became aware of a slow stealthy step in the passage outside her room.

For a few moments her heart seemed to stand still, for, having seen that all the doors downstairs were locked and bolted, her first feeling was that this could not be a mortal step.

But, when it lingered within hearing, she rose and went to the door, knowing now that she had no real belief in its being a supernatural sound. She felt it was not a man's tread; so, if a woman were there, surely it would be no worse to see her than to hear this creeping step with the wall between them.

Scarcely making even the faintest sound, she crossed the room and opened the door, letting the light out into the passage. But it touched no figure, and so she stepped softly beyond its reach, and came face to face with Brunhilda Chick standing rigidly against the wall.

"I'm doing no harm," she asserted aggressively. "It isn't likely we shall leave our plate to anybody's tender mercies."

"How did you get in?" inquired Joy, in amazement.

"I didn't get in," was the blunt retort. "I never went out. It wasn't likely we'd leave our silver with you!"

"No," said Joy, pondering as she contemplated the hard grim features. "I might have guessed that the silver would be a great consideration when my safety was not. Then you have been here all the evening?"

"Yes," said the woman, with harsh brevity; and, if Joy's thoughts had been less with the sleeping girl whom she feared to disturb, she might have detected the fact that Miss Chick was unwontedly ill at ease. "Is that a crime?" she asked severely, for the one thing she dreaded was the carrying out of Miss Glenorris's threat to summon Mr. Johnson.

It was the only threat which had power to intimidate any of the Chicks, and it was now keeping Christiana and Hellebone cautiously ensconced in the old cobourg in the coach-house, while Brunhilda acted policeman on behalf of their property.

But at that moment Brunhilda had no need to fear, for Miss Glenorris, though so indignant with them for their disregard of her authority, was in reality relieved to feel that the woman was with her in the great lonely house.

"Of course your sister and brother have gone away?"

"Oh, of course!" retorted Miss Chick grimly. "Why shouldn't they? They took a farm when they left here this evening, and stocked it and settled down upon it. Why, they must be tired of the place by now, and ready to move again!"

"I think not," observed Joy, with proud quietness. "You are none of you fond of moving."

And then, with a glimpse of the coldest disdain, she said, as she turned away, "You may stay and watch your property to-night."

Yet it was a real relief to her to feel that another human being was within the gloomy isolated house that night.

Jessie was still sleeping when Joy re-entered her room and noiselessly closed the door. So she sat down again in silence beside the couch, and watched while the night crept on, no sleep visiting her own tired eyes, though the long day had been so trying a one for her.

And Jessie was still sleeping when, in the early morning, a small private omnibus, dark and severe looking, was driven up to the gate of Ravenstor, discharged there a stern-looking gray-haired gentleman, then passed on and discharged, a little farther, a tall, strong, pleasant-looking young fellow, who appeared to be there solely to contemplate the view, but who by very slow degrees found himself attracted even within the gate of Ravenstor.

The elder man walked in a quite-at-home sort of way up to the house-door, and, though his knock upon it was a very suppressed kind of invocation, it brought Miss Chick from the kitchen, in obvious apprehension.

"Well?" she queried, in her unembellished style, when she and the visitor had stolidly taken observation of each other during some moments.

"Well?" repeated the visitor rather composedly.

"What d'you want?"

"Who owns this house?"

"You, I should think," snapped Miss Chick; "else why should you come to it at these hours?"

"Is it Ravenstor?"

"Yes."

"Has any one arrived here alone during the last four-and-twenty hours?"

"I should think so," retorted Brunhilda, delighted to have this vent for her sense of injury; "and it's a wretched law that can't protect householders. A poor mad creature came here just as if the house was her own."

"I thought so. Where is she?"

"I don't watch her. I've enough to do, without bothering after lunatics!"

"Hush!" said the physician authoritatively, for at that moment he heard a soft step on the staircase.

In the next he had started forward, recognising Miss Glenorris the instant she came within sight, and most manifestly and deeply surprised to do so.

The shock of seeing such a change in her from her old brightness of youth and health and beauty, startled him into absolute silence. He took off his hat and went forward into the hall, still gazing at her in his questioning amazement.

"I heard your voice, Doctor Langworthy," she said, giving him her hand. "Does my presence here so very greatly astonish you? This is my own house, and I have come down to bid you welcome."

"But, Miss Glenorris," he stammered, "I never guessed you were here. I have come on a sad quest."

"Yes, I understand. She is here. How did you know?"

"I see now," he said, musing. "It is from you she must have heard of this house."

"I wrote it for her on my last visit to Lockwood, at her very urgent request, not knowing——"

"I see, Miss Glenorris; that makes it clear. Her escape was very cleverly—I may say craftily—accomplished, she having been for a good while ever since you were there—wonderfully meek and submissive, so that she grew to be trusted in an unusual manner. I need not give you the details of that; but, after passing our walls, she must almost at once have begun to inquire for 'Ravenstor, Dartmoor,' as we found she constantly did through her long walk. As soon as her absence was discovered, we started, and presently picked up the clue. With care and a few wrong ventures we followed it all the way. It is well that the insane do not feel physical fatigue, as others do; that is one of the compensations," said Doctor Langworthy, with an effort to be more cheery than was easy to him.

"And must you take her back?"

"Decidedly, Miss Glenorris; and I wish"—gazing with real concern into the pale young face—"we could have been here hours ago and saved you something beyond the mere shock. You have been up all night, have you not?"

"Oh, that is nothing!" smiled Joy. "And I really have not been afraid. Jessie has been quite gentle here with me."

"So far," supplemented the physician. "Still, if you had known her as we do—— Where is she?" he asked, suddenly correcting himself.

"I will fetch her," Joy said.

But when she turned to go, she saw that Jessie was creeping down the uncarpeted stairs, feeling all over each step when she had passed it, and along the walls and balusters, her eyes wide and vacant in the deathly-white face—surely not the same girl, Joy thought, whom she had left sleeping only a few minutes before?

Groping with unresting hands, she came on, while Joy and Doctor Langworthy moved back, the girl watching with unspeakable compassion, the man with uneasy sternness.

"This," he whispered, "is still the unquiet fruitless search which will end only when the life ends."

"I left her asleep," Joy whispered back, "and I hoped so much from that."

As Jessie went slowly round the hall, feeling over the walls and floor, Doctor Langworthy suddenly became aware that Miss Glenorris was trembling as she stood watching.

"May I speak with you a moment?" he said, giving a sign through the open door to the young doctor without. "I would much rather," he continued, when Joy had led him into the unused dining-room, "you were not present when we—let Miss Porch see that she is to come with us. Sometimes she astonishes even ourselves by her wild moods, and I would spare you if I can arrange it.

"No, no, thank you!"—hurriedly and decisively, as Joy spoke of breakfast. "You have been most kind; but we shall be back at Lockwood for breakfast, and we have refreshments in the carriage. Where may we send for what she came in—a cloak and bonnet, were they not?"

"I will fetch them," Joy said. "I can go unseen; and, if you will follow me, I will give them to you at the head of the staircase."

When Doctor Langworthy had taken them from her hand, he lingered to answer her questioning gaze.

"Still searching for something she will never, never find," he said, offering his hand.

"May I not bid her farewell?"

"Not if you would spare yourself, Miss Glenorris; indeed"—with a shrewd surmise of what plea would influence her most—"not if you would spare her. Candidly I don't like the look of my patient this morning; nor do I," he added kindly, "like your looking so pale and over-tired yourself; but you will be all right after we have departed. You will rest, will you not? Now thank you again, and good-bye; I hope to see you very soon——"

Scarcely following his interrupted words, and too proud to bind him to secrecy about her present abiding-place, Joy simply returned his farewell.

"Joy!"

It was so long since the girl had heard her own name—never once in that grim house—that instantly and impulsively she advanced in response to the high clear call. There was a light running step upon the stairs, and Jessie came up to her, panting as she took the faded little red book from her dress.

"This—take this!" she said, in her sad piercing whisper. "I came to give it you—only to give it you, not to harm you! You will not forget? You will read it? You will not forget?"

"Oh, no!" said Joy, and raised the book to her lips because the poor girl's eyes were eagerly and wildly fastened upon it.

"Then now I am ready; I shall not come again, so they will not frighten you again. Ravenstor, Dartmoor! I found it; didn't I?"

"Indeed you did," said Joy pitifully; "and I was so glad to have you, Jessie!"

"Were you?"—in a slow, soft, questioning tone. "I found it—I knew I should. Now I am ready, Joy"—wistfully, as she stroked the hand that held the Testament—"I don't know who says it, or who to; but, somewhere, some one says, 'I will give you rest.' Isn't that it?"

"My dear," said Joy, looking with unutterable tenderness down into the wide bewildered eyes, "yes, that is it; and it is so true! The rest will come—to you and me, if we are patient."

"Yes," said Jessie quite tranquilly. "Now," she added, turning to Doctor Langworthy—and only his clever young subordinate could have detected any apprehension in his immobile face—"I am ready to go back. Why do you wait? Do you want to bring her too into your——"

Only the Doctor himself saw the sudden and awful change. The eyes widened and gleamed in the pallid face; she raised both hands to her head, and, with a shrill agonized cry, rushed from the house. Doctor Langworthy turned coolly to Joy, as if to reassure her.

"This we fancied possible, and my young assistant outside is prepared for it. You must not," he added, as Joy covered her eyes, "feel so acutely for that poor girl. For herself this is no suffering, and we shall soon, by the gentlest of frauds, lure her into the carriage to continue her search there. Probably she will be quite enjoying herself within ten minutes, and not have another ebullition all day."

"Will you send me word?" entreated Joy, forgetting at the moment her own desire for concealment; and the physician promised.

Long after the carriage-wheels had rolled beyond her hearing on the moor, Joy stood listening, and was only aroused at last by the austere presence of Brunhilda Chick intervening between her eyes and the open doorway.

"What's the use of standing glumping there? Come and have some breakfast. We all have bothers; but it's just as well to be sensible over them as insensible. There's been a man round with fish, and I took some. Come and have it; it's good for brightening the senses. There's old Doctor Jehu at Bovey—when he's had fish on Sundays he can find his pew in church, and when he hasn't he can't. It's plain to be seen, and everybody says it. Whenever he's had fish he knows which pew is his, and when he hasn't he don't. Now come! That poor creature's better off than she was here. After you came down to that man, I went to have a look at her, and she flew in my face, glaring—fierce as death; but I banged the door upon her. I've lit the fire in your room, as you won't like your breakfast cold."

"No," said Joy absently, and went into her own sitting-room, where stood the hideous cup and saucer, a very small brown tea-pot, and the quarter of a dried haddock.

The girl shivered involuntarily, yet to-day she was not conscious of noticing these poor and distasteful preparations. She sipped her tea, and then, with an unaccountable chill, sat shivering over the big bright fire.

She knew now that she must map out a future for herself, and she made strenuous efforts after wise and consecutive thought; but these efforts, persistent and desperate though they were, all failed.

Now that her hiding-place was known, she felt she ought to be prepared with definite plans; but her endeavor to be so was utterly futile. All through the day she strove to follow a line of thought which always evaded her, remaining in that one room chiefly to pursue it unhindered, though partly, it must be confessed, in her dread of meeting Brunhilda Chick.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE long day was dragging to its close, when the silence of the house was broken by such a thundering summons upon the heavy knocker as had not roused its echoes since the day of Miss Glenorris's first visit there, more than a year before. It made her start to her feet, trembling so violently that she could not hold Jessie Porch's little Testament, wherein she had been reading—in the quiet twilight—not the familiar printed sentences, but the small close handwriting that covered the fly-leaf.

Clasping the back of a chair for its real support, she stood for what seemed to her an hour, and was in reality just two minutes; then the door was opened, a quiet hurrying step crossed the floor, and Miss Beton confronted her, and paused, restrained involuntarily, as it were, by the nameless and pathetic dignity of such grief and solitude as this.

"My little dear," she faltered, in this to her inexplicable shyness, "may I—kiss you?"

The girl's answer was not in words. She moved back a moment, as Miss Beton had done, but only to be quite sure this was not a dream, only to make herself gratefully and gladly sure of the reality of this first kind and genial face she had looked upon for such long weeks.

Then she rushed forward, kissing her visitor again and again, crying, sobbing, laughing, saying nothing, and yet saying so much to one who understood, laying her white cheek against the warm kind hands, lovingly touching the smooth dark hair with its precious veins of silver, and then suddenly starting back once more, to gaze with much gladness shining through her tears.

"I knew I should find you, my dear," Miss Beton said, pretending she did not find it difficult to swallow anything in her throat. "I always kept Doctor Langworthy up to his promise of letting me know the very minute he heard anything of you, and to keep an eye on Miss Porch with that end in view.

"I always guessed we should find you through your kindness to that poor girl; but, though I thought you might go to her I never guessed she would try to reach you. It shows how stupid we are, for all our notions of being wise, doesn't it, my dear? Poor thing! Poor thing!"

"How did you know, Miss Beton? Could they have returned?"

"Not quite. Doctor Langworthy telegraphed from Moreton, and we just caught the trains beautifully."

"We!" echoed Joy, startled.

"Did I say 'we'? I have those fits of aberration sometimes, my dear. Oh"—seeing in the lovely eyes a wonderful light of hope and yet of fear too—"I only meant Mr. Johnson!"

"Oh—Mr. Johnson!" said Joy, with very prompt gladness. "Is Mr. Johnson here?"

"Not quite," Miss Beton said again, delighted to fancy her news had not been a disappointment. "Doctor Langworthy telegraphed to him, as well as to me—that was our arrangement—and we came off at once. Oh, I never could, my dear, have reached this horrid—this unknown house but for him!"

"No, you could not come alone," affirmed the girl, with no thought of what she herself had in solitude endured.

"He is at an inn not far from here—a ghostly little place; but he did not seem afraid. He was far more afraid of intruding on you, Miss Glenorris. He will be here in the morning, he said, to know your commands, and to see about some Chicks that may annoy you. He did so amuse me about them; yet he was worried too. He said it was kinder for only one of us to disturb you to-night.

"He would have me come, yet indeed, my dear, though a very clever man, I fear he could not have kept me back. He declares the discovery was made through me, and that I deserved to be the only one to follow it up and to tell you all the news. And I am to say we shall not reveal your secret without your permission, but that you are to remember this is your own house, and that you need fear no intrusion against your will. A sensible man, my dear, I've no doubt: but I do really think that, whether your own or not, this is not—as far as I can judge—a very suitable abode for you."

"Oh, it is, Miss Beton!" declared Joy pleasantly, though she shivered as she spoke.

"Dear, dear!" cried Miss Beton, with a little gasp. "I forgot all about the man. I must just see that he has carried in all—I mean a few trifles I brought. I must dismiss him, and tell him to drive here to-morrow, if only just to see—what we want," she concluded lamely, afraid of the girl's suspecting her of forming plans for a return.

"I will come with you," said Joy, unwilling to lose sight of this new-found companion.

So they went downstairs together: but the girl stood back while Miss Beton talked to a male figure looming in the doorway.

"And now," said she, when this little matter of business was transacted, "I am going into the kitchen for a minute, for you—I mean we both, my dear, need some little nourishment. Please don't you come."

"But mayn't I do it? There are no servants there."

"I never expected any," declared Miss Beton cheerfully. "I've seen Mrs. Chick, for she opened the door to me. It will only take me one minute to show her what to do, and I will follow you wherever you go."

She in her turn was followed to the sitting-room by Brunhilda Chick, bearing two bowls of good warm soup, two wineglasses, and an uncorked bottle of nice Madeira.

"Now, my dear," Miss Beton said, breathing freely when Miss Chick had withdrawn, "this will do you—us good. I just brought a bottle of—of quite cheap wine, and just a tin or two of soup, because it is so little trouble; and I fancied you might have—everything except that."

"Oh, everything," nodded Joy, with laughing tearful eyes—"every luxury!"

"I thought so, my dear," with a gulp, "so I brought just this trifle; it is very hot, but nourishing."

She had not tasted her own, but was watching anxiously for Joy to begin; and, seeing this, Joy took a spoonful. The next moment the girl was wildly conversing on irrelevant matters.

"Did you like Miss Chick?"

"Well, you see, my dear, I have only yet an impression of her, as one may say."

"But isn't that all we, any of us, can have of any one?" asked Joy, with almost the old spirit in her smile.

"I addressed her as 'Mrs. Chick,'" confessed Miss Beton, looking pensively down upon the cooling soup, "and wounded her dignity, I fear. She demonstrated severely her contempt for what she calls the contrary sex; she could not imagine how people could be such—perhaps she said 'sillies,' my dear, and perhaps she didn't—as to double the ills of life by marriage. Women pretended to take husbands for better for worse; but it was all worse, no better—so she said, my dear; and perhaps she knows. This opinion was not conveyed to me with much amenity; but still it impressed me. She also informed me, and I should never have guessed it, that she was in mourning for a parent, but that, as crape was bad winter-wear, she should put it on in the spring —— Oh, my dear"—Miss Beton had taken her first mouthful of soup, and was staring blankly at Joy—"it is—terrible! What is it?"

"Soup, is it not?" asked Joy, glad that she need no longer conceal her own avoidance of this peculiar nourishment.

"I will go and inquire about it; but do take your wine."

"Oh, my dear," she cried, when she returned, bursting into a real laugh, "it was tongue-glazing, and all my fruit; and the word Mrs. Chick used this time wasn't 'silly,' but one much more forcible, and quite true too. Would any one believe a woman of my age could be so deficient? But I certainly did come away in a great hurry."

"And in such great kindness," put in Joy, her laughing eyes shining suspiciously. "And what was it not worth to have given us such a laugh?"

"It even brought a sort of spasm that might have meant amusement to Mrs. Chick's flesh-colored lips," confessed Miss Beton. "Well, the real soup will come in in a few minutes. I was so afraid of the mistake recurring that I established that unfortunate tin on the highest shelf in a sort of special cupboard; and there, my dear, I found—I wonder whether it will surprise you as it did me!—this little card."

"Yes," said Joy; but when she bent to read it, she drew her hand across her forehead. "My head throbs," she said; "I have read so much to-day. Oh, I am not going to faint, Miss Beton!"—as a kind arm slid around her waist. "I never do. I only feel a little giddy to-night—that is all. It will be better when I've told you—something I have read."

"And had a little sleep. Oh, yes, all right then!" asserted Miss Beton, with brisk confidence. "So I'll tell you what is on the card—just Mr. Gervys Lester's name and—— Good gracious!"

"I—I was surprised. Were not you? It is so curious. Will you give it me—lend it me, I mean?"

"My dear, it is yours, of course!" said Miss Beton, puzzling over this remarkable manner of taking her scrap of information. "Under Mr. Lester's name is another name and address, and, strange to say, they are those of our non-resident Rector."

"Mr. Ozanne?" asked Joy, holding the card in her hand rather oddly, her companion thought, less as if it was something to read than something to cherish.

"Yes, my dear; and shall I tell you the story that grim personage below vouchsafed to me—with most aggravating gaps in it—when I questioned her as to this card?"

"Please—oh, please!" the girl cried, and could restrain herself no longer, but walked up and down the room, first holding the card tightly between her clinging fingers, and then against her throbbing heart, her pace quickening as Miss Beton repeated the bald account Brunhilda had given her of that robbery in the mist when her cry had brought to her rescue the stranger who had left this card.

"And by that," Miss Beton observed in conclusion, "we may perhaps find out where he is."

"By this," said the girl, laying the card against her cheek. "He wrote it. He has held it, and it has reached me in my loneliness. How could he help it? Sometimes I think my love is strong enough to bring—even—himself."

"My dear," put in the elder lady gently, "I hear the soup. After that is consumed—if it is consumable—but certainly not before, we shall be able to decide with judgment what to do."

"May we go to this address, please?" asked Joy, in her wistful girlish way. "Oh, Miss Beton, will you come?"

"Certainly, if you take that soup."

"We can start to-morrow—can't we—quite early?"

"Quite, my dear. I shall be only too glad to see him, but if for a minute. He has borne a great deal lately. I will always remember that when I hear the women rave about its being their especial destiny to bear burdens for others, unthanked and unnoticed. I know, my dear, that you never for one moment believed he did that—dead, whatever anyone said."

"I believe he did it!" cried the girl, her lovely eyes flashing as if they had never known weariness or sadness. "If a hundred persons had told me that they had seen him do it—if he himself had told me he had done it—I should not have believed."

"No," acquiesced Miss Beton, a little crushed by this reasoning.

"But," resumed Joy, falling to the floor beside Miss Beton's chair and hiding her face. "I—I want to tell you what I read in this little book just before you came. No, not what you know so well that it contains but something—oh, Miss Beton, you will never believe it!—written there by—Jessie Porch. It is—a registered—oath! Oh, we who know so little scarcely ought to speak of it, for it—will sound so different! Her sister could not live—and could—only—suffer while she lived. So she made Jessie—whose life was given to her—ah, how sadly we all know now!—swear on this book to—end that life for her when she bid. And the younger sister kept her oath, and thought it right—though we know the keeping of it killed her too—or worse. Oh, dare we—need we—judge? Her sister taught her how to—do it, and won her promise. Can we dream what such a vow would make the life of one who loved as Jessie did? Oh, how I pray——"

"May I read it?" asked Miss Beton, for she could not bear to listen to Joy's broken words. "I only mean"—with fictitious unconcern—"just that I may judge whether it is what Mr. Johnson would call legal proof. I might possibly form an idea."

She took the book, and slowly followed the written words, Joy wistfully regarding her. And while she read the touching record, the girl who, loving so blindly, had sacredly kept the oath wrung from her lay in her little room at Lockwood, as lifeless as the sister whose death, beyond all doubt had also been her death.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"BUT surely, my dear, there is no house here?"

Miss Beton and Joy Glenorris had reached Exmarsh early, having spent the previous night in London, and had been put down in that green wall which the girl knew bounded Mr. Ozanne's curious property.

"No house is anywhere in sight, my dear," Miss Beton argued.

Recalling her last experience, Joy confidently pushed the gate. When it still refused to yield, she grew anxious.

"Suppose no one is here?" she said, looking with dismay into her companion's face.

But that face reflected no similar dismay.

"So odd to have no bell!" observed Miss Beton, examining the sides of the narrow door.

"When Annie and I came, we opened it easily," Joy explained, "and Mr. Ozanne told us there was a communication from it to his library, so that he knew when visitors entered, and he stood there ready to receive us. But now——" She made another attempt while she spoke, but it was as futile as the others. "Yet I cannot bear to give it up."

Just then there came up to them, outside the high green hedge, Mr. Ozanne's solitary retainer, a man of fourscore active, healthy, useful years.

"The master's away," he said, raising his hat from a shock of rough gray hair, "and the house is locked."

"Can you tell us," asked Joy gently, "where he is?"

"Not quite," said the old man, trying—and failing—to run his fingers through his thick curly locks. "He's gone to make a wedding somewhere in London; but he gave me no name to the church, though I know it's in a lane, 'cause he was comparing that sort of lane with one of ours, and laughing over it. And it seemed to be pretty nigh Saint Paul's."

"Will he be back soon?"

"No, miss; he's goin' to Devonshur after. He'll send somebody to do dooty here Sunday, if he don't come. That's all I'll know till I go to ring the bell, indeed, miss!"—as if deprecating an ignorance which had never struck him before.

"Would you kindly tell me," asked Joy, with an eager tremor Miss Beton did not understand, "whether Mr. Ozanne has—lately—had any gentleman to visit him?"

"Not since the one that fell ill here in the summer."

"How was it?" she cried, in quick excitement, "Was it here Mr. Lester was so ill?"

"Yes, miss," said the man placidly, while Miss Beton slowly awoke to the girl's rapid conclusion.

"And that gentleman has never been here since?" Joy asked, almost breathlessly.

"I won't say, miss; but I ain't seen him."

"Thank you," she said; and the polite words sounded a little sad, Miss Beton thought.

"I think, my dear," she observed, as they drove away, "I should have recommended that man occasionally to comb out his mass of gray hair, had I not remembered once suggesting a similar daily operation to a young man at home when I noticed his matted Devon locks, and his feelingly assuring me I shouldn't advise his combing them every day if I had the least notion what trouble it was to him to do it even once a week! Now"—cheerfully—"what do we do next?"

"May we go and find Mr. Ozanne, if it is possible? Will you be so very kind as to come with me? I think we may succeed with the clue we have. It is a church in a City lane near St. Paul's, and there is—or has been—a marriage there to-day."

"My dear," said Miss Beton, "I wouldn't for a moment suggest that that very respectable elderly man is anything save truthful, yet I really dont believe marriages are what he called 'made' in those City churches. Still, of course"—energetically—"he could have no motive in deceiving us, could he? What a curious neighborhood! All the trees lean one way; so I suppose the sea lies over there. They look as feeble as green plumes, yet I suppose it must have taken years and years to bend them so. They will look more odd still presently, for 'the book of Nature's getting short of leaves.'"

"Yes," said Joy absently, "I prefer Devonshire."

"Even Dartmoor," asserted Miss Beton, with no idea the girl would detect anything fictitious in her briskness. "Let me see—what was I going to say? Do you think Mr. Johnson has left Ravenstor? He said he should be detained by the Chicks but be home to-day, if not yesterday. I am so glad he has declined to be Mr. Pardy's agent; but I am still more glad he will be yours at Ravenstor. But, Miss Glenorris, I will trust you will not return there. Do just come back with me for a little time and think over another plan. If I might only hope you would stay with me till—— So many want you, dear, that I cannot really finish my sentence!"

Joy's refusal, though so humble and gentle, was yet so decisive that Miss Beton seemed to understand, and refrained from saying more just then; as she silently, and a little surreptitiously, watched her, her thoughts were sad as well as puzzled. So little time before the girl had been ever "compassed with sweet observances;" and now she was so pitifully alone, and must be her own guide in such an untried and intricate path. Yet this should not be so, Miss Beton fancied, after the earnest useful life the girl had tried to lead. How could this prove the truth of what she had somewhere read—

"A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong!"

"Well, my dear"—with another spasm of cheerfulness—"are they worth a penny?"

"Oh, no!" said Joy with a smile. "Yours were far deeper."

"I was only recalling two lines of poetry which, I am sorry to say, don't hold water at all."

"How funny! For I think my thought was of two lines of poetry—

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty;
I waked and found that life was duty."

"I've a suspicion, my dear," asserted Miss Beton, in a lively way, "that you'll go to sleep again shortly and find that dreams are far more real than waking."

But, though Miss Beton asserted this in such a lively tone, she felt really anxious all through the drive, and talked indefatigably—generally of all she had heard about Sir Hussay Vickery's persistent efforts to find Joy, and the anxiety of every one to hear of her—only pulling herself up whenever the subjects brought her to touch on Mrs. Pardy's death. But, when they had entered the train for London, both were grateful for the silence imposed on them by their not being alone. Joy's thoughts were busy; but, though railway traveling, as a rule, encourages sustained thought, the girl's innate interest in others roused her even then, while she was so anxiously trying to determine what step she could take if she failed in this attempt to hear of Gervys Lester through Mr. Ozanne.

She fell to wondering over the dreams of a girl beside her in the garb of a Sister of Mercy. Were they longing dreams of the world she had left? Or was she dreaming of a fair future which her devotion and denial now were to make beautiful? Was she dreaming of some one—any one—or could such dreams be killed forever by putting on that dress? Were they all pleasant, good, sweet, happy dreams after that? There came into Joy's memory the pine-tree in Heine's poem, dreaming, as it slept in a snow on a bleak northern height, of a palm tree mourning in solitude on the burning sand of a eastern land.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SMUGGLER'S DEVICES.—"You will be surprised to hear of the curious assortment of dutiable articles that are intercepted in the steamship mails from foreign post-offices," said a prominent official of the custom house to a reporter, lately.

"The post is a favorite medium with persons in Great Britian, France, Germany, and other countries for shipping presents to friends in the United States. The senders do not think of the duties to be paid when they forward their packages, but under the customs laws and regulations presents of merchantable value are classed as dutiable, like goods imported in the regular way. Tradesmen in London, Paris, Berlin, and other European capitals use the mails pretty freely to send samples and goods of small bulk to American customers.

"Ladies find an easy, cheap, and safe way of putting into letters and newspapers articles of fashion, knick-knacks and mementos from the old world. The mails are also used for intentional smuggling, but it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between smuggling and legitimate importations. Diamonds, watches, the precious stones and jewelry of all kinds are intercepted. Not long ago a package directed to a diamond-dealer was found to contain several thousand dollars' worth of uncut diamonds. He paid $800 duty on them. Hundreds of packages containing cat's eyes, rubies, cameos, intaglios, emeralds, and sapphires sufficient to stock a good sized jewelry store are constantly received.

"Laces, kid gloves, silk stockings, silk handkerchiefs, and other light articles are inclosed in newspapers and pamphlets. They are inclosed so that it is hard to detect them. A pair of silver sardine tongs going to California was recently found hidden in a package of pamphlets. In an English newspaper were discovered ladies' silk stockings, one black and one red. According to the revenue law these might be taken as samples and entered free. A trick was suspected and the articles were detained. The next steamer's mail contained a newspaper addressed to the same person. In it were folded one red and one black silk stocking to match the others. The lady to whom they were addressed lived on Murray Hill. She was sent for and paid the duty."

The official also told the reporter that old Bibles and books were used to send watches and other jewelry, the leaves being cut out and spaces hollowed out to hold the smuggled articles. One book arranged in this way disclosed, on being opened, three gold bracelets, two watch chains, two lockets, a set of sleeve-buttons, five gold pins, and two necklaces. This collection was on its way to a lady in Cincinnati. It was appraised at $335. One mail will bring the first part of a book and the next mail the rest of it, but this trick for getting books in free is rarely successful, and many authors, clergymen, and other professional men have come to grief in their efforts to secure valued volumes at a slight cost.

About the holidays the mails are heavily burdened with dutiable goods. The advantages of putting goods through the postoffice over the regular way of importing is that no brokerage, warehouse, cartage, or entry fees are required.

TOGETHER.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

Though never swift caresses or slow kisses
May tune our souls to Passion's music deep;
Though never, never in a bower of blisses
May we make Life more beautiful than sleep;
Though 'twixt us twain may pass no precious token
Beyond some slight shy pressure of the hand;
Though never words of sweetness may be spoken,
Yet you will understand—
Yes, you will understand.

But if, when Life's long Winter shall be over,
Our weary bodies near each other rest,
May we not dream of love beneath the clover—
The tender clover of earth's mother-breast?
Or if in some remote and radiant regions
Our souls should kin, and wander hand in hand
Far from the wondering gaze of angel legions,
Why, God will understand—
Yes, He will understand.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

JUDITH'S PLANS.

"LETTER," said Sir Robert, "in Mr. Range's room? Well, take it to Sir Harry."

"Sir Harry said, Sir Robert, that perhaps you would be kind enough to see to any little bit of business for him while her ladyship is so ill."

"Certainly; of course. "Well, what is it?"

"The maid found this letter when moving the blotter, sir, in the room that Mr. Range had when he was here," said the butler.

"Oh, well! give it to me. I'll send it to him."

The butler left the room, and Sir Robert stood holding unfolded the letter in his hand.

"Where am I to send it, Judy, my dear? New York—Colorado? Where's he likely to be? Good gracious! my dear, don't look like that!"

"Do I—am I, dear uncle?" faltered Judith.

"You turned white as a grenadier's belt, my dear. Why, Judy, you're never thinking of that fellow still?"

She went to his side, put her arms round his neck, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"My pet!" he said, tenderly, as he drew her closer to his breast.

"I can't help it, uncle."

"Phew!" whistled Sir Robert. "This is very, very queer, Judy. You mustn't, you know."

"No, uncle, dear, I must not, but—but ——"

"Well, my darling, why don't you speak to the old bear? He won't show his big teeth!"

"Oh, I know that, uncle dear, and I will speak. I know you won't think me unmaidenly if I do."

"Think you unmaidenly. What nonsense!"

"Well, uncle, dear," she said, slowly, holding to him very tightly, "I have been thinking so much about Mr. Range here of late."

"Yes, now it's too late," said the old gentleman, ruefully.

"I don't mean like that, uncle," said Judith, coloring. "I mean, I'm uneasy about him."

"Well, when I was, at the time he went, you said it was nonsense?"

"Did I, uncle?"

"Yes, you did, Judy. And so now you are uneasy about him?"

"Yes, uncle, I really am. It seems so awful strange that he should never have written once, even to Uncle Harry, or to you.

"Well, it does seem kind of strange, and it doesn't. Young men are very forgetful."

"I don't think Mr. Range ever was, uncle."

"But you snubbed him so horribly, Judy."

"I said what I thought was right, uncle, dear—then," said Judith; "but even if I did——"

"Snub him?"

"No; don't call it that, uncle. I say, if I did refuse him, he was not the man to slight both of my uncles, who had been so kind to him."

"Well, no, my dear; now you come to put it that way, I really don't think he was."

"And he was too much of a gentleman—nature's gentleman—to bear malice against me for refusing him."

"Well, yes, I think he was," said Sir Robert, slowly. "What are you thinking, then?"

"What I have been thinking for weeks, uncle, dear—that there is surely something wrong."

"Wrong? Oh, nonsense, my pet! You don't think he has been kidnapped, do you?"

"I don't know what to think, uncle, dear; only now this letter has come it brings up all my thoughts again, and—and—I'm very miserable, uncle, and I don't know what to say."

"Well, I don't see that the girl's finding a letter," said Sir Robert, "has anything to do with making you uneasy. Is this his handwriting?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Humph! You know it, then? Well, we oughtn't to read it. We might see whom it is to."

"Yes, do, uncle. Pray do!" cried Judith eagerly. "No: let me look. I'm sure he would not mind my looking."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled as he handed the letter to Judith, who read aloud the first words—

"DEAR UNCLE WASH.,——

Then she turned it over.

"It isn't finished, uncle!" she cried, half hysterically. "There—there is something wrong!"

She turned to Sir Robert with such anxiety in her eyes that the old gentleman took her hand and patted it.

"Why, what could be wrong, my dear? He was here, and he went away again of his own free will. Don't get a crazy idea like that in your head."

"But this letter—he had not finished it. He was so very business-like that he would not have forgotten it and left it there still."

"Oh, I really do not know. But he might."

"Oh, no! uncle, I'm sure he would not. And then, his going away was so mysterious and strange——"

"And as to that, I do not agree with you."

"It was so sudden!"

"Not a bit of it, for a man who has just been regularly crushed by the woman he loved."

"Oh, Uncle Rob, do you think he loved me very much?"

"I should say very much, as you call it. Ah! Judy, you gipsy, what a dreadful little coquette you were! Well, it's come home to you to roost, like the curses. There, now, don't fidget. He's safe enough somewhere."

"I'm afraid not, uncle. He was so rich that it was temptation to anyone to—ah! I can't say it."

"Burke him for the hoarded millions he had in his pocket, eh? and his watch and chain? There, there, Judy, don't be foolish! He'll turn up again some day when he isn't so sore about you."

"Uncle, dear, you do not go with me in this: you do not agree with me, and I tell you I am sure that there is something wrong. It has been growing upon me for months now, till it has become an absolute certainty."

"Well, then, what shall we do? set the detectives to work?"

"I don't know, uncle," said Judith, in a sharp, decisive way; "but something must be done."

"Heyday, and by my leave! Hark at the brigadier!" cried Sir Robert, laughing. "How sharp we are!"

"Don't laugh at me, uncle," cried Judith quickly. This matter is too serious for joking."

"To be sure it is," said the old gentleman, with mock seriousness. "Here, I have it!"

Judith turned to him eagerly.

"Advertisement—Agony column—'Judith to Arthur. Come back.'"

"Oh! uncle," cried Judith, as she turned her reproachful eyes upon his face, flushed with suppressed mirth, "how can you make a mockery of such a thing as this? If you knew the agony I am in about Mr. Range I'm sure you would not give me all this extra pain."

"My dear little girl," said the old gentleman, seriously, "I only laughed because you seemed to me to be making too much of it. There, I'll help you. We'll get a detective down from town, if you like—to make inquiries."

"No, uncle, not yet," said Judith, kissing him. "Thank you, though. It is indeed more serious than you think for."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Sir Robert, "for everything here seems to be turning serious. How is Alice this morning?"

"Terribly weak and ill," replied Judith. "Oh! uncle, I'm so reluctant to do anything about this, for fear of wounding dear Uncle Harry: but I cannot rest. I'm sure there is something wrong."

"Very well, then; I'll grant it, my dear. What shall we do?"

"We must think, uncle. Let's try, first, ourselves," she continued, with animation, and with a firm compression of her pretty little mouth.

"But your uncle! In his state of mind, it would trouble him horribly."

"You are pretty well master here," said Judith. "Let us see what we can do about the matter without consulting anybody."

"Good, my dear. Go on, little brigadier; I'll be aide-de-camp."

Judith's pretty eyes flashed with eagerness.

"I don't know what has moved me so in this," she cried.

"Heart!" said Sir Robert, laconically.

"Don't tease me, uncle, dear. I say I don't know what has moved me so in this, but I feel convinced that there is something I must find out."

"Good. What first, brigadier?"

"You are teasing me, uncle."

"My little pet, I am thoroughly in earnest. Here I am aide-de-camp, and here's my cheque-book. Say the word, and you shall have funds for the war; but I think we had better keep our investigations to ourselves."

"Yes, yes! uncle; and oh! how glad I am that we are not going away just yet."

"Well, if you come to that, my dear, so am I, for I am doubtful of the trip doing Alice any good. Between ourselves, Judy, as a great secret, I don't think she will be any better till a certain gentleman has joined some regiment, and gone away on active service."

Judith turned scarlet.

"Don't talk like that, uncle, please," she said, quickly. "Now about this letter?"

"Well, my dear, under the circumstances, we ought to read it."

"I don't think Mr. Range would be angry if I did," said Judith, excitedly. "So I will read it."

She read it through, beginning aloud. Then she stopped short and read it in silence.

"Come, brigadier, that isn't fair," said Sir Robert; and Judith passed him the letter with a vivid blush.

"Oho!" said the old general, smiling. "Confirmation of what I said. You see, Judy how fond he was of you, for him to write to his uncle in this strain."

"Yes, uncle, dear, I know he was fond of me."

"Is fond of you," said Sir Robert. "Well this letter doesn't help us a bit."

"We can send it to the gentleman for whom it was meant, and ask him—casually—of his nephew's health."

"Very well, then. A good plan. Write, my dear, at once. We shall hear back in about three weeks."

"Three weeks! Oh! uncle, hadn't we better telegraph?"

"No, certainly not," said Sir Robert, firmly. "The letter will do. Write, then, at once."

"No, uncle," said Judith, "the letter must be from you."

"And you know how I hate letters, Judy. Well, then, here goes!"

He sat down and wrote at Judith's dictation, enclosing the unfinished letter, and stated how it happened to come into the writer's hands.

This done, and the letter placed by Judith herself in the letter bag, she turned to her uncle, who was putting away his glasses with a sigh of relief.

"May I have a fresh pipe, my dear?"

"No, uncle, not now. You are coming out with me. Smoke a cigar."

"I hate cigars, my dear."

"You must love one this time."

"Where are we going?"

"To see Burton," said Judith. "He's the most likely man to know what goes on outside the house."

"By George! Judy, what a strategist you would make! There, give me a cigar and hunt out Sam. Only he chatters. Don't set the man chattering."

"Sam Burton will do anything I ask him," said Judith, decisively.

"Well, we shall see," said Sir Robert; "but be careful, Judy. Don't let's do anything that will cause Uncle Harry uneasiness, or that will worry Alice now she's so weak. I say!"

"What, uncle?" cried Judith, quite anxiously.

"You don't think George and he could have quarrelled about you?"

CHAPTER LXIV.

A DESPERATE ATTEMPT.

FOUR day's torture, with the means of escape in his hand that he dared not use except by fits and starts. There was always some one about, and though from time to time he saw his friend the butcher, the bar was not yet cut through.

On the first morning, as soon as it was light, Range carefully swept up the iron dust and threw some from the window, some beneath the grate, before he thought of passing the rest down a big crack of the boards.

The notch was high up, close to the top of the window, and rather in the shade, but every time anyone came into the room and approached the window the prisoner shivered lest it should be seen.

Constant work though, told, and at last he had the bar so nearly cut through that, even with the file now terribly blunt, Range felt that he could get through in half an hour sure. Farther he dare not cut at present.

"Can you keep the dogs indoors to-night, Jane?" said Range that morning as he lay watching the girl as she bustled about, turning every now and then to smile at him, and he noted how tidy and smart she had grown.

"The nasty brutes!" she exclaimed. "I'll lock 'em up in the washhus—howling and barking about!"

That was good, and as soon as he dared venture he quickly asked another question—

"Is your friend the butcher likely to be up to-night, Jane?"

There was a little giggle, and Jane turned red.

"Get along, do!" she cried—"just as if I knew. I don't want him to come after me. I've told him so a dozen times."

"But he is likely to come up?"

"Oh, yes! I daresay he is. He goes by here to the evening school. He says he's learning to write a good hand so as to go into business for himself."

"If he's a good fellow he shall go into business for himself, Jane, and I hope you will both be very happy."

"Don't please!" cried Jane, in a troubled voice. "I won't like you to talk like that to me."

Further conversation was stopped, for the panel opened, and Range saw that there was a woman's face there, which stayed with the tiny door ajar till Jane went away; and when she did go, to Range's trouble and annoyance, he saw that she had tears in her eyes, a fact that he had suspected from hearing her give a peculiar sniff every now and then.

"It's time I was off" he said to himself; "and she shall marry the butcher, and I'll set them up in a good paying business—that I will.

"They'd say I was mad if they heard me," he said, with a smile; "but the butcher fellow gave about a shilling for the file. I have put it down to him in my mental account-book as credit for two hundred and fifty pounds."

Just then there was a loud chattering on the window sill, and he saw his favorite sparrow Judith, attended by a couple more in their bright spring plumage.

Each was hanging down his wings, setting up the feathers of his throat, and showing himself off to the greatest advantage, nodding and bowing and chirping as he hopped about the little hen.

"There's the captain," said Range, gloomily, "and there am I. She'll choose the captain, of course. Ha! ha!"

He laughed, for the captain had approached close to Judith, who gave him a fierce peck in the back. Then the other bird approached her, and he too received a peck.

The captain hopped round, showing himself off, and again was pecked, and at last, after a number of laughable approaches and drivings away, the whole repertoire of bird courting being gone through, the little trio flew off.

An hour later they were back, with the same business going on. Then they were off and away, to first one tree and another, where there was a tremendous amount of chirping.

Later on they would be up on the roof or in the ivy; and, trivial as the matter was, it had a strange fascination for Range, who was eager to see the end.

"The captain's the favorite," he'd say one time. "Yes, of course she'll have him. No, she's driven him away. It's the American. No; he has it worse than the other. She made the feathers fly. Poor little chap! she took them even off his head. Better give up, old fellow.

"Why, hallo! Now the captain has it. There, what queer creatures women are! Perhaps she'll have neither of them. I almost hope she won't have the captain, for the handsome little wretch looks as if he would beat and ill-use her, and be running after other pretty little hens. I wish the two cocks would have a fair stand-up fight for the little bird; but she seems to do all the fighting."

So the day wore by, much like a score of others. Pannell gardened; the sparrows chirped in the ivy, and came after crumbs, and Range tried vainly to coax Judith to come upon his finger; but she would only sit and watch him with her dark eyes, her head first on one side and then on the other.

Range's meals that day were extra good, and he had some good wine; but he could enjoy nothing for thinking of the coming night.

Evening at last—a deliciously soft evening, which tempted Sarah Pannell to stay out for long enough, walking; and there were the dogs watching the window, or trotting slowly up and down, looking as if their heads were so heavy that they were a burden and a trouble to them.

Jane had promised to lock them up, but at last when Sarah Pannell had gone in they were still there.

To Range's great delight, though, a few minutes later he heard the girl calling them; and when he went to the window soon after and made a hissing noise, such as at another time set them off barking, they were evidently not there.

He waited till the distant roar of a train could be heard approaching, and then began filing swiftly and softly, then harder as the noise of the train increased, letting the filing die off as the beat of the engine grew more faint; and then waited for another, getting his line from under the mattress, and cutting free the straps, which he also secured together and laid ready for use.

He was in a profuse perspiration, and his heart beat violently; but he felt that it was a good thing that his attempt had been delayed, for he was stronger and better prepared for the undertaking.

Another train came by, and he made more progress. Then another pause, and another train, with a fresh attack upon the soft iron.

Another pause, and a fresh train coming thundering along—evidently, by its heavy beat, a goods train—and taking advantage of the extra noise, Range filed with all his might, for it seemed as if he would never finish, the file had grown so blunt.

Just, though, as he was faint with exertion, and a feeling of despair was upon him, there was a dull jar——the bar was cut through.

Ten minutes' rest and recovery of breath, during which time he listened attentively; but the dogs were not below. His friend, though, was on the other side of the wall, for here came a soft low whistle like that of some night bird in a swamp—

Piou! piou!

Range answered it softly, and, placing one foot on the window sill, he drew up the other, and stood there, holding on by the cut-through bar, which he seized with both hands and drew towards him.

For a minute he seemed to have no effect upon the stout iron, but, getting one foot against the bar on either side, he drew again with all his might, and the tough metal yielded and bent down nearly to right angles, the starting of the first well-hammered fibres making the rest comparatively easy.

"Liberty at last!" he exclaimed, as, panting with the exertion, he descended, thrust the file into his breast to act as a weapon in case of need, and then ran to the door.

All was silent, and, feeling that he might as well make the plunge now while a friend was waiting as stay till later, he rapidly secured his rope of twisted linen and straps to one of the other bars, and crept very

cautiously through and knelt on the outer sill.

To take a good grip of the rope with one hand, the bars with the other, was an easy task, and, lowering himself down, his breast brushed the ivy, and a score of frightened sparrows flew out.

He hesitated for a moment to trust himself entirely to his rope, but a low whistle beyond the wall roused him to action, and, taking care to keep his feet away so as not to kick the window just beneath his own, he slowly lowered himself, the ivy rustling loudly.

He descended very cautiously, for he had two windows to pass, either of which might belong to an occupied room; but to his great delight the upper room was empty, and he went on slowly, touched the sill with his feet, lowered himself down till he sat upon the sill, as soon as the turning rope which made him revolve brought him into a convenient position, where, as he bent forward, he could see that there was a light below in the ground-floor window that he would have to pass.

"Can't help it," he muttered; "it is win or lose now," and he tried hard to see through the darkness the particular spot where a tree would enable him to mount the wall.

He drew a very long breath, and the ivy rustled loudly as he began slowly once more.

"I could drop now if it wasn't for the noise," he muttered; and then his heart seemed to stand still, for there was a sudden fierce rush, the scratching of nailed feet, and the two bull-dogs came baying furiously, to begin leaping up and barking at him.

To have dropped now would have been to engage in an encounter with the savage beasts, which seemed mad with desire to get at him; and though Range would not have hesitated to bear a few bites for the price of his liberty, there was something so horrible in the idea of what might follow that he hesitated and reseated himself on the window sill, holding on with one hand, drawing the file, to hold daggerwise, with the other.

It was maddening, just as he was so near liberty, for the furious barking would bring out his gaolers, he knew.

Just then there was loud hissing from the wall.

"Down, you beasts! Hiss!" Range could hear, and this created a diversion, for one dog dashed to the wall and began baying. Just as a door opened and Sheldrake came out, bearing a table-lamp, and followed by his companions.

"Good dogs, then!" he cried. "Seize 'em, boys!"

The dogs bayed more furiously, while Sheldrake held up the light.

"I thought so, boys," he said, softly. "Fifty thou' flying out of the window. Here, Jack, you and Nathan stop below and catch him. Have him in at once. Don't make a row," he whispered; "there's some one on the wall."

Then aloud—

"Come, Arthur, old fellow, don't be foolish. Come down."

Range made no reply, for he was calculating what his chances would be if he dropped down and fought for his liberty; and a sickening feeling of despair came over him as he knew that his attempt was vain.

"Come, Arthur, old fellow," cried Sheldrake again, quite loud for anyone looking on to hear, "how can you play such foolish tricks? He told me he was going to play at meat roasting," he said to Mowburn.

"Here, come down!" said Pannell, in his slow gruff, good-humored sort of a way.

"Oh! very well," whispered Sheldrake. "Take the light, Nathan. I'll go up and cut the rope."

Range heard every word; and as the dogs began baying again, and Sheldrake handed the lamp to Mowburn and walked in, there was a loud rustling of the ivy once more as the prisoner made a desperate effort to climb back.

"Run and tell him to look out, Sarah!" growled Pannell to the woman, who was now at the door. "He's getting back."

It required a tremendous effort, but Range was light; and as Sheldrake reached the doors and began to unlock them Range was back on his own window sill, hesitating as to whether he should climb in and take a sort of revenge upon Sheldrake, which might result in his getting out though the door, or still try to escape from where he was.

He drew a long breath, and made up his mind to a risky proceeding; but he was ready to dare all.

Reaching up as high as he could he was able to take hold of the projecting lead-covered cornice that ran round the old house, and drawing himself up he kicked out a pane of glass and rested his foot on the wooden bar of the sash.

This enabled him to reach a little higher, and he got a good grip, placed his left foot by his right, and was half up to the roof when he felt a snatch at one foot from the window.

Range jerked himself away spasmodically, throwing his feet clear, and Sheldrake's hand glided over his foot; but it was nearly at the expense of a terrible fall, for he felt his fingers slipping over the cornice, and he was almost gone, when his nails stopped in their effort to find a hold against a sheet of lead that overlapped, and as this came away a little he was able to thrust his fingers under and hang motionless for a few seconds.

A shriek came from below, and then a voice Range knew cried out—"Oh, Mr. Arthur, sir, don't!"

"Hold on!" cried Pannell, "and I'll come up and help you. Don't move for your life."

Range heard all, with his face gazing up at the stars as he felt that he must fall.

That sensation was but momentary, though, and driving his fingers farther in beneath the lead he swung himself sidewise, found hold for his feet in the tough ivy branches, made a bit of a struggle, and—how he hardly knew—drew himself over, the great cornice, and sank panting in the great gutter of lead, with the roof rising into a low-tiled ridge a few feet away.

He panted as if he had been running a mile; but there was no rest for him.

About twenty feet away there was a doorway built dormer fashion in the roof at the end of a broad patch of leads: and as Range lay panting he heard rusty bolts shot back, and the door creaked on its hinges as it was thrown open.

It was so dark that he could just distinguish the figure, and creeping away along the broad gutter Range got to the end of the house and beyond the ridge as Sheldrake came out and hurried to the cornice over the window.

"Here!" he cried, "give me your hand. I'll pull you up, and——where is he?"

"On the roof!" cried Mowburn. "He's got up on the roof."

"Fool!" exclaimed Sheldrake, furiously, as he walked cautiously along the broad gutter—a fairly safe place, for the cornice formed a parapet nearly two feet high. "Here, Range, no more fooling!" he cried. "There, I can see you. Give in like a man."

"Touch me, you scoundrel, and I'll throw you off the roof!" cried Range, fiercely, for, dark though it was, he felt that he could be seen.

"Two can play at that, you hot-headed idiot!" retorted Sheldrake. "Here, give in. There's no doubt about your madness if you play tricks like this."

"Mad enough now to fight for my liberty," cried Range; "and I warn you that I'm a desperate man."

"So am I," said Sheldrake, in a low, angry whisper; and Range heard a sharp *click click*. "Give in, or, by all that's holy, I'll fire and bring you down."

"Fire, if you dare!" cried Range defiantly. "Fire, and let the report ring out, and the information go forth that you have shot a supposed madman. I shall then be heard."

"Curse him!" muttered Sheldrake, thrusting his pistol back in his pocket. "Here, where's Jack?" he shouted.

"On the way up," cried Mowburn, from below.

"Hang him! Why don't he come, then!" muttered Sheldrake, walking swiftly towards Range, who retreated from him till the two dark shadowy figures had made the whole circuit of the roof.

"Now," cried Sheldrake, fiercely, "are you going to give up sensibly?"

"I'm not going to give up, scoundrel!" replied Range; "but I'm going to knock you backwards if you come too close to me, so take care. I've given you warning. I tell you, I'm a desperate man."

"So am I," muttered Sheldrake again, advancing quickly. "I'm not going to lose you after all this trouble, my fine fellow."

As he advanced, Range retreated, the whole affair being solely the work of a minute or two. They were going round the second time, when ascending steps were heard, following a loud crash, and John Pannell came looming out of the dark way.

"What made you so long," cried Sheldrake, savagely.

"What made you shut the door for me to have to kick it open?" retorted Pannell, fiercely.

"Don't talk," cried Sheldrake. "Be careful. You go that way, I'll go this. Get him between us close, and then pounce upon him, or he'll be over."

"Right," growled Pannell, gruffly; and he started in one direction, Sheldrake in the other; but as they were about to meet, Range made a rush and avoided them, dashing up the ridge of the roof, and sending the tiles flying and crashing as they were dislodged and went sliding down.

This gave him a momentary advantage, for he was able to reach the other end before his pursuers had time to follow.

But it would be folly, he felt, to attempt this again; and he knew that he had but one resource—nay, two, for there was the doorway, and for this he at once made, nearly reaching it, when Sheldrake said—

"Run, Jack, run! The door! the door!"

Sheldrake might have run, and Pannell run more swiftly, cursing their folly for leaving the door open, but they could not stop Range from reaching it first, which he did, and started back, for Mowburn was there ready to slam it in his face.

Then his pursuers closed upon him again, and he eluded them by climbing the ridge and reaching the end of the house farthest from his prison. Here he stopped—at bay.

"Now, Jack, we have him!" cried Sheldrake, as he and his fellow reached the two corners, Range being in the middle. "Steady! Together! Now!"

They made a dash forward and brushed Range's clothes with their hands, as, after a moment's hesitation, he stepped on to the cornice and leaped right out into the black darkness below!

CHAPTER LXV.

BURTON'S DECISION.

JUDITH turned ghastly pale, and looked at Sir Robert in a scared way as, with a catch in her breath, she said, huskily—

"Yes, uncle, I have thought so several times."

Sir Robert's countenance was very serious as he looked in the face of the girl whom he loved as if she had been his daughter. A thought had flashed across his mind that troubled him more than he would have liked to own.

Had such a meeting taken place somewhere—in secret—away in the recesses of the woods? George Carleigh was a soldier; Arthur Range an American accustomed to life away from civilization, where men used fire-arms and knives on slight provocation. They might have met, an extempore duel followed a quarrel, and Range might have fallen.

This idea rapidly brought up another.

Had such a meeting really taken place, and was Lady Fanshaw aware of it, and had this had something to do with the state of her health? The possession of such a secret would have worked the change.

"What are you thinking, uncle?" said Judith, sharply.

He did not answer for a few moments.

"I was thinking," he said; "thinking very seriously."

"Yes, uncle, dear, pray speak."

He remained silent again, and Judith saw his face change, and the stern business-like manner of the old soldier take the place of the easy-going air of the repose-loving country gentleman.

"Uncle, why don't you speak?" cried Judith. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking, my dear," said Sir Robert, in a manner such as she had not seen him assume for years, "that perhaps there is something in what you say. Let's go and see Burton and—no, stop, I'll go myself."

To his surprise, the girl caught him firmly by the wrist.

"Not alone, uncle," she said, firmly. "This is my business too."

"But, Judy, my child."

"Uncle, dear," she said, in the clear voice of a woman moved to the quick, "if there is anything wrong, it is my doing, and I shall follow out the search to the very end."

It was not always an easy matter to find Sam Burton when he was wanted, and there was only one hopeful thing about the quest, and that was the fact that he was certain to be somewhere on the estate.

For a good two hours did Sir Robert and Judith track him from the kennel to certain traps; away along by where the Brackley men came over to set snares. Then he was away down by the little river, to see that no unlicensed fishers were after the trout, and again up on the high moorland, where a few grouse bred. For since he—Sam Burton—had become convalescent, he had been indefatigable—over-doing it, Milly said; but really finding strength in the sweet fresh air, and that wholesome fatigue which made his sleep of the deepest and most restful kind; and then it was that nature toiled hard to repair the weak points about his terrible wound.

"There he is at last," said Sir Robert, as he had scented himself on the very spot where Lady Fanshaw had crouched, listening to the struggle months before, and was wiping his moist forehead. "I believe, Judy, the best way to find people is to sit down till they come by."

In effect, there was the keeper coming slowly up the little valley, and he stopped before them at last, touching his hat respectfully, and giving each of them a rather uneasy look.

"Burton," said Judith, taking the initiative, "you are an old and favorite servant of my uncle's."

"I'm glad to hear it, ma'am," said Burton, wonderingly.

"And I believe that you would do anything to serve him and Lady Fanshaw."

"Anything, ma'am, anything," said the keeper, earnestly.

"And you would try and help me if I wanted help, Burton?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD ADAGE REFUTED.—"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." So says the adage! And they expect us to believe it? Out upon such simplicity! No man or woman but will boldly contradict it, whenever and wherever they hear it spoken. If there ever existed love—real, pure, heartfelt love—in the heart of any mortal, think you that the loss of a few luxuries, or the want of a few comforts formerly enjoyed, could banish this love from the heart or deprive it of the tender and earnest confidence and faith which had ever been its very life?

There are certain cases, I confess, which might, in some measure, justify the old proverb; but it ought to read, "When poverty comes in at the door, *seeming* love flies out at the window." A certain young lady was vainly wooed for years by a rich man. She was very beautiful, but was also very proud. She never loved him *truly* until poverty fell heavily upon him. And then he came no more to her; he dared not seek her presence. Yet she sought him; and there, in his own humble home, accepted the love which she had refused when he was owner of a stately one.

Some people said she had no "proper pride," and that she was "throwing herself away."

But never before had she looked so beautiful as when she stood by her husband's side in their plain little home, and spoke of their future. And in after years, when, by their united labors, wealth had once more returned to their dwelling, the same sweet expression still rested on her features; but the pride was all gone, and in its place there was a look of soft contentment which proclaimed more plainly than words could have done, that "poverty can never put love to flight, but that love must ever be exalted and purified by honest poverty."

M. S.

Scientific and Useful.

FOR MARKING.—Lampblack mixed with strong vinegar will mark sheep so that the name can be read for a year, but will not injure the wool, as is often done when sheep are marked with tar or paint.

FLY-TIME.—Looking forward to the near approach of fly-time, it is said, that if a string be stretched near the ceiling of a room the flies will light upon it instead of upon the walls. Careful housewives will take notice.

GLUE FOR MOUNTING FERNS.—Glue that is delicate and nice for mounting ferns and seaweeds is made of five parts gum arabic, three parts white sugar, two parts of starch, and a very little water. Boil until thick and white.

CELLULOID.—Celluloid, or a splendid imitation of it, is now made from potatoes, which are boiled in water containing 8 per cent of sulphuric acid. The resulting pasty mass is then deprived of its adherent moisture by pressure and is afterward moulded into any required form. It is said that good billiard balls can be made of this substance, and that pipe-bowls manufactured from it are difficult to distinguish from meerschaum.

BRICK-WORK.—The simplest and least expensive method for removing saltpetre exudation from brick-work when the efflorescence is in positions where the sun and wind do not have free access, is to wash it off with diluted hydrochloric or common muriatic acid of commerce. About half a pound of the acid is used with an ordinary pailful of water, the application being made with a sponge.

CALF AND ALLIGATOR.—The process by which calf and other skins are made to resemble alligator is as follows: A photograph having been made of genuine alligator hide, a copy of it is produced in bicromated gelatine, which gives in relief all the curious markings, and from this latter relief representation a metal die is readily executed. This die is pressed heavily on the cheap leather, with the result of making it look so like that manufactured from the skin of the alligator as to deceive experts unless it is handled and examined. Any suitable stain can be imparted to the factitious product.

SUBMARINE BOAT.—A submarine boat, which ought to be able to destroy the navies of the world, has been made in Swedon. The boat has the shape of a cigar, is sixty-four feet long, six feet wide, and has an engine of thirty horse power. It is said that it can be navigated under water, goes at the speed of ten nautical miles the hour, and that four persons can, without any danger, remain in it for six hours running. The funnel-shaped cylinder is the only part of the boat which is visible. A winding stair leads to the boat, which is steered from the top of the cylinder, where a glass roof enables the man at the wheel to see the surface of the water and direct the course of his strange submarine engine.

Farm and Garden.

BUGS.—Young chicks, turned in the garden, will eat up all the bugs and insects; keep the old fowls out, as they will do more damage than good.

FLOWERS.—All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them moist and cool. Instead of dipping flowers in water, they should simply be wrapped up in a wet newspaper, which will keep them far fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin is too heavy, and will crush the blooms too much; besides it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily.

CABBAGE.—A cabbage raiser, observes an exchange, has found by an extended experience that ice water, or water a few degrees warmer than ice water, sprinkled upon cabbages during the heat of the day will kill the imported cabbage worm. He found that such an application in the hot sun caused them to quickly let go their hold upon the leaves, roll to the ground and die, while the cabbages suffered nothing, but looked all the fresher for the application.

LIME FOR TREES.—A peck of lime, air-slacked in fine powder, may be scattered about each apple or pear tree for a distance of ten feet in each direction. This should be done at once, and will soon be dissolved and carried in by the rains. Unthrifty fruit trees that are in grass land should be plowed so as to break up and turn under the sod before the lime is applied. But in plowing care must be taken not to break the larger roots; the smaller roots may be broken with advantage as it is a sort of root pruning which is beneficial to the tree; but large roots are apt to throw up suckers when they are torn, and the check to the tree is too great.

SCRAPING FRUIT TREES.—Many farmers have been misdirected as to the matter of scraping fruit trees in the spring. It is believed by some that a thorough rasping of the bark, until the outer coat is all taken off, and the surface of the sap-bark well scarified benefits a tree, but no greater mistake can exist. Whatever damage is done to the growing bark has to be repaired at the expense of the trees vitality. The only possible good that comes from it, is the destruction of certain parasites lodged beneath the bark-scales. The outer surface of a tree is hardened by exposure to sun, wind and storm, and this surface is demanded by nature as a protection to the more tender substance beneath, and should not be scraped away by any steel instrument.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

Babbling Editorial Wisdom.

The flippantly facetious—not to say coarsely brutal—tone with which numbers of the daily press recently treated the announcement that the Secretary of the Universal Peace Society, having headquarters in this city, had addressed a communication to the Czar of all the Russias, urging the duty of peace and the claims of humanity upon his attention before plunging into bloody war, significantly indicates the demoralized atmosphere in which many busy editors exist. If the civilized world has made any advance upon ancient methods, it must be in the preponderance of moral forces over brutal and destructive instincts. In other words, while, for instance, the physique, and flesh and blood, and muscle capacity of two men to batter and destroy each other, may now be fully as great, or greater, than ever before, the settling of disputes or grudges in these ways, which the civilized principles of the nineteenth century condemn, must be replaced by a resort to reason, arbitration, and mutual concessions, as the only effectual and satisfactory manner to meet such exigencies. The same is true of nations as of individuals. The practical application of the golden rule to international intercourse must prevail, or the irrepressible conflict between good and evil go on until the right absolutely overcome the wrong. Now, whatever may be the relative or artificial position of the Russian Czar, or the English monarch, to their fellow beings, or however great their own egotistical esteem, they exist under exactly the same inevitable natural laws as everybody else, and under precisely the same moral obligations to act mercifully, and wisely, and honorably, according to their surroundings, as is the humblest being on earth. The fact of their possessing the power to precipitate myriads of soldiers and millions of wealth into the maelstrom of war, does not in the slightest degree release them from the overpowering and undeviating laws of nature and morals, which take no special cognizance of monarchs or wealth. Hence, the very existence of a society which advocates universal peace, is a cause for rejoicing instead of sneering, and every effort made to promote the ultimate object is worthy of the most hearty approval, in place of glib sarcasm, at the presumption of humble individuals who have the temerity to perform the plain duty of reminding czars and princes that higher forces exist than crowns and thrones. Whether the arrow of truth penetrates the surroundings of egotism and obsequious subservience, so as to reach the heart of the ruler, on the great moral level of humanity, remains to be seen. But this forms no excuse for editorial smartness upon a subject that has even enlisted the warmest enthusiasm of our own great warrior, who has personally won the highest martial glory and known the untold sufferings that war produces. Let the Universal Peace Society take courage and press forward, for the great, deep heart of civilized and christianized humanity will respond heartily to their efforts, notwithstanding the surface effervescence of brutal elements, which must inevitably give way to more powerful, but gentler, moral forces as time progresses.

Poe's Genius and Memory.

The recent demonstration in honor of Edgar Allen Poe, at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, seems to furnish frequent occasion for re-discussing his private failings and lapses from strict morality. Iteration and denial on the part of opponent and friend apparently accomplish nothing but to intensify the feelings of each in the position taken, and more absolutely convince either side that *they* are right and the *other* wrong. Whatever the actual facts concerning Mr. Poe's personal errors may have been, we fail to see how any benefit can possibly accrue by reviving the recollection of them. All that was mortal of the brilliant poet, or encased his noble remains, has passed away, and with it the physical capacity to commit wrong upon himself or others. Why, then, should not the history of individual delinquencies be consigned to the tomb of oblivion at the same time? It is an incomprehensible phase of human nature that delights to prowl among the baser deeds of great characters, and scavenge items of scandal from the back alleys of their lives, for the apparent gratification of gloating over defects in their conduct, or offsetting their brilliant genius and noble thoughts with equivalent imperfections. The morbid desire to feed on mental putrescence seems insatiable in many minds, and this partially accounts for the jackal bravery which attacks the dead lion, but never approaches his living presence. However much or little Poe may have strayed from the paths of rectitude, the monument of noble thoughts and beautiful ideas which his genius has bequeathed to the world, is an immortal inheritance that will remain to inspire and benefit the race long after the traditionary faults represented by scandal-mongers shall have been covered with the cobwebs of time or buried in extinction. The files of this paper, preserved among its archives, show the first publication of many of Poe's earliest and best productions to have appeared in its columns, when he was struggling with poverty, and found scanty recognition for the creations of his brilliant intellect. Through this medium he soon found extensive access to intelligent readers, who were quick to appreciate the merits of his pen. If he had faults, they were not sufficient to make lasting or unfavorably impress upon those here who knew and understood him best. There hangs around his memory, in this establishment, nothing but a halo of sweetest memories arising from the incense of his generous nature and kindly impulses, burning upon the altar of his heart.

THERE is not by any means a lack of talk; this is abundant. Gossip, and scandal, and slang, we have an overabundance of, but of conversation, sensible talk, there is a sad want of that. The American people have been dubbed as a nation of talkers, or rather of twaddlers, and there is much truth in the assertion; but the same may be said of almost every nation under the sun. There are few really good talkers, men from whom, in ordinary conversation, you can gather a fund of knowledge, and who are entertaining as well. You need not long be in the company of a man until you are aware of his weak points. If his general demeanor does not betray him, his tongue will. But all men are not of the classes spoken of. There are many who have wonderful powers of conversation. Men who do not talk about themselves, or discuss the commonplaces of life, but who talk calmly of religion, poetry, philosophy, economy of human life, the cultivation of the intellect, and the affairs of the nations. The art of talking should be a study. Attention should be given to it in the home and school. There is very much in the training men receive as to whether they will become useful talkers. With very little care, almost every one can be a good conversationalist.

ALMOST all the Southern States have nearly an equal number of each sex. In Massachusetts the females between twenty and fifty years of age exceed the males of the same age by about 44,000. In seventy-eight cities the excess of females is 148,000. That illiteracy prevails more among women is due probably to the foreign population. Women contribute less to pauperism, the proportion being 31,000 to 36,000. The ratio of prison inmates stands 50,068 women to 54,190 males. Women are in excess among the insane; men in excess among the idiotic, blind and deaf mutes. The proportion of women who engage in occupations outside of the household is smaller in the United States than in foreign countries, but in no country is the proportionate number engaged in superior industrial occupations equal to that in this country. Of the 2,647,000 women in occupations 595,000 are engaged in agriculture, most of them colored women in the Southern States; 632,000 are in manufactories, of whom about one-half are in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; 282,000 are milliners, etc.; 50,000 are tailors. The 525 female surgeons of 1870 have increased to 2,473; the 7 lawyers to 75; the laundries have increased to 122,000, and of the latter 108,000 are kept by women. This large increase shows a great lightening of the housewife's labor.

THERE is a meanness which will grovel low in the dust for gain; and there is also a pride that will not bend gracefully to receive a favor. There are people who dread to be under an obligation, and cannot rest until they think they have repaid it. Yet is it not one kind of selfishness that withholds from a friend the pleasure of giving? True generosity is freer and broader than this; it accepts with gratitude what is offered in kindness, while it stands ever ready to bestow what is possible upon those who may need it. It is a great mistake to think that kindness consists only in giving. Quite as often and as pleasingly is it shown by receiving in a glad and grateful manner the kindness offered by others.

HEADACHES are increasing among children in England attending schools where methodical and effective ventilation is carried out, and such headaches can only be traced to the incidence of intellectual work upon brains of low educability or badly nourished, and so easily fatigued and exhausted. Headaches in children used to be rare, and were regarded as almost always importing organic diseases of the brain, but they are now of daily occurrence.

WOVEN wire, on the mattress pattern, is largely taking the place of the old-fashioned canvas and curled hair as a base for the upholstery in car seats and backs. It is claimed that such seats are comfortable, and much more cleanly than the ordinary cushion.

MEN do things which their fathers would have deprecated, and then draw about themselves a flimsy cordon of sophistry, and talk about the advance of humanity and liberal thought, when it is nothing after all but a preference for individual license.

The World's Happenings.

Alligator steak adorns the menu of a Florida hotel.

A Vermont individual claims to have a hen 29 years old.

The number of colleges in the United States is set down at 370.

Wine over 200 years old is among the contents of Emperor William's cellars.

The jails and penitentiaries of the United States contain over 60,000 criminals.

Americans projected, built, and still control the street railroads in Moscow, Russia.

There are twenty persons whose gifts to American colleges aggregate over $23,000,000.

A child one of whose legs is entirely black, was recently born at Lawrenceville, Ill.

An English clergyman recently performed 108 baptisms and nine marriages on one Sunday.

Abstemious and facetious are said to be the only two words in which the vowels follow one another.

The largest vineyard in the world is in California, and contains between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 vines.

The thousands of finger-rings worn in this country are estimated to be worth something like $50,000,000.

A Mormon elder has taken an annual bridal trip for the past five years, each time with a separate bride.

The Bell telephone instruments for which the parent company charges an annual rental of $20, cost $3.50 each.

A bill has been passed by the Senate requiring railroad companies to give thirty days notice of a reduction in wages.

The White House at Washington, it is stated, is modeled after a castle in Dublin, and has cost up to this time about $2,000,000.

In one case in a Thomas, Ga., court, the value of the article stolen was $2.50, while the cost of the trial, etc., to the county was $100.

In three towns of England—Ely, Rugby, and Salisbury, consumption has declined from 40 to 50 per cent. since the land was thoroughly drained.

One farmer in Queen Anne county, Md., has recently planted seven thousand peach trees, his orchard now containing 33,000 trees, covering 326 acres.

About one hundred marriages between Christian and Chinese couples are reported as having taken place in the San Francisco Mission Chapel.

The stomach of an ostrich is in its back, between the wings, and the food can be seen moving around inside of its neck to get at this strangely-located receptacle.

A check for over $19,000 was found in New York last week by a man unable to read, but who knew it was a check, and forwarded it to the proper persons.

A Hannibal, Mo., man, who dreamed that he would be killed by a load of coal being dumped on him from a coal car, was killed in exactly that way one day last week.

According to recent statistics, there are in France and Greece 100 non-working days, including Sundays; in England, 86; in Russia, 66; in Belgium, 65; and in the United States, 60.

Common salt used daily by throwing a few handfuls into closets, with an occasional handful into washbasins, is recommended as a means of counteracting the noxious effects of sewer gas.

A condemned murderer was married in his cell at Los Angeles, Cal., recently. A man who has only a few days to live—comments a bachelor editor—can afford to take most any kind of risk.

On a recent trial, a cedar log twenty feet long was taken to a California match factory, and in exactly thirty minutes was sawed, split, glued, dipped in sulphur, labeled and the matches boxed ready for shipment.

Emperors of China are privileged to name their successors from among the male members of their own or a relative's family. China has no law, therefore, governing the hereditary succession to the throne.

A man, drawing two children in a hand-cart, in which style he claimed he had traveled with the little ones all the way from Kansas, passed through Phillipsburg, N. J., a few days ago, en route to New York city.

A straw stack blew over, in Wisconsin, on March 16. April 1 the straw was removed, and a missing peacock discovered under the very centre of the heap, rather crumpled in feather, but none the worse for his long fast.

An Italian couple, neither of whom had seen each other until their wedding day, were married by a squire of Westmoreland county, this State, last week. The bride is fourteen years old, while the groom is 20 years her senior.

There is a law in Japan against the racing of steamboats. It strikes at the root of matters, and, instead of simply forbidding that they shall race, makes it unlawful for steamboats of rival companies to leave their points of departure within ten hours of each other.

When the Governor of Georgia gives a State dinner, one course is always baked 'possum. The Governor avers that roast pig is juiceless diet as compared with 'possum, and prophesies that 'possum-breeding is a coming industry. Cassius M. Clay long ago established a reputation as a 'possum cook, only equaled by the renown of Daniel Webster as a dresser of planked shad.

A powerful colored boy hitched to a plow and hard at work, turning up the not too pliable soil, was a sight witnessed by several Texas citizens who had occasion to travel the Kentuckytown road, recently. Those who saw him state that he must have been of almost Herculean strength, judging from the progress he was making. He was being driven along in a manner similar to the treatment given a horse in like work.

WORTHIEST AND BEST.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Who gains the proudest monument and name—
A memory blest that far outlives the grave;
Is't he who woos that gilded phantom fame,
Or courts the dangers of the stormy wave?

Is't he who hostile to the rampant wars
Spreads desolation o'er some hapless land,
All-blessing labor and fair progress bars,
Save but to fill ambition's tyrant hand?

To such they give a place on hist'ry's page,
While sculptured urn or marble column tell,
How well they met the foeman's deadly rage,
Where thousands dying, breathed their last farewell.

If honors such as these they fain would rear,
To those who strove to murder and destroy—
Who drew the widow and the orphan's tear,
For friends no more their mainstay and their joy—

Then should not he have tablet fairer still
To whom wants wail was never poured in vain,
Who ne'er made foes to hate nor wish him ill,
But lived alone to banish woe and pain?

Yes. His pure record shall unsullied stand,
Its peerless tribute find no counterpart;
Nor grander shrine may name and worth command
Than his embalmed within the human heart.

Mr. Jermyn's Racquet.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT had been an awkward meeting for both, in the long, crowded, lamp-lit drawing-room of the White Lion; but so far they had both got well through it.

It was Autumn. The waters of the broad bay lay still as glass, shimmering in the pale moonlight. From the windows of this hotel you had a fine view of the bay, away down over the tops of the other houses. The hotel stood upon an eminence, overlooking the whole watering-place. Behind it stretched a long garden, backed by a fir-wood, and upon the right was a lawn and a tennis court. In the front, the steep white road coming from the watering-place led up to the very steps of the house. Its sign—if one may talk of the sign of so very fine and fashionable an hotel—was the White Lion; and it was rather a funny name, for the watering-place itself was never known by any other than Little Souris.

These two, Mr. Jermyn and Miss Raymond, had met in the drawing-room of the hotel this evening before everyone assembled there; in the very surprise and confusion of the meeting, they had recognized each other publicly; and having once done so, had drifted into rather a constrained conversation upon general topics; each one no doubt turning over in their own mind the probabilities and improbabilities of any of the seventy or eighty people present *knowing*.

Not that there was really anything very much out of the ordinary to know. An intimacy, ripening into something more; a misunderstanding; and a separation. Three very common chapters, no doubt, in a very hackneyed type of romance. Still, one's own romance is apt to be all the world to oneself, let it be hackneyed to the rest of the world as it may; and also there are ways and ways of treating a misunderstanding. By Mr. Jermyn's and Miss Raymond's way, it is absolutely certain that each would have stared straight past the other in a solitary picture gallery; or would have sat silently side by side through the dreariest of entertainments—so long as they had not been startled in to doing anything else. But Mr. Jermyn had, so to speak, burst upon Miss Raymond: Miss Raymond had started, flushed a faint pink, and bowed slightly; and Miss Raymond's aunt, a good-humored dowager, after first casting one astonished stare, had bowed also. To cover the embarrassment of all this, they had, as it were, been driven into a conversation.

There was to be a great tennis tournament on the morrow, and Miss Raymond, to fill up rather a lengthy pause, had just somewhat nervously inquired if Mr. Jermyn intended to play. Before he had time to answer for himself, someone else, sitting near, interrupted quickly.

"Why, Miss Raymond, is it possible you can know Mr. Jermyn, and yet think it necessary to ask him such a question?"

She laughed more easily: it was much more comfortable that another should join in the conversation. "Then you play as much as ever, Mr. Jermyn?"

"Rather more, I believe," he answered, slowly. "I came over from Bresswood specially for to-morrow's match."

"Did you bring your racquet with you, Jermyn?" called out a voice from the other side of the room.

"Of course," smiled Mr. Jermyn.

The last speaker came strolling forward, and laughed as he came.

"It is the most peculiar infatuation Mr. Jermyn has for that racquet of his," he said, crossing his hands upon the back of a chair near Miss Raymond, and speaking to her. "As you seem to be old acquaintances, perhaps you can throw some light upon the matter, Miss Raymond? He must have paid a small fortune in getting it re-netted and re-loaded; but buy a new one he positively will not. He solemnly assured me the other day that he would rather miss the best match in the world than play with any other."

The color had all gone out of Miss Raymond's face now. She answered rather stiffly:

"I should think it quite possible that Mr. Jermyn would keep to his resolution."

"Yes, I shall keep to it," said he, rising lazily, and bending over a pile of music on the piano. "I think when one says a thing, one ought to stick to it; and when one plays with a racquet, one ought to stick to the racquet."

A laugh broke out all over this corner of the room; everyone was listening now to the discussion about the racquet.

"Then you really have registered a vow to that effect, Jermyn?"

"Oh—a vow!" objected he. "That is a strong expression."

"It must be something quite as solemn—"

He laughed. "The simple fact of the matter," he explained, "is that I once happened to remark that I would never play with any other. Now, having once said so, of course I never could play with any other—successfully. At all events I should object to try."

"This borders on the unearthly," laughed a voice in the corner.

"Is that the proper word to use?" observed another. "I think I shall ask Miss Raymond."

"Please do," said Mr. Jermyn, looking round at the seat behind him.

But Miss Raymond had already left the room.

She had gone straight out of the room, along a narrow passage leading into a side hall; and, opening a glass door at the end of the hall, had drawn a long deep breath of the cool night air, and stood, in her low-cut pale pink dress, looking out into the moonlit garden.

Aurora—that was her name; a most unfortunate name for a plainer woman, but the one suited for her. No one could have ever cast a glance at her and doubted that she was born to do aught but shine. Her handsome, well-held figure, beautifully-moulded face, her wide, iris-blue eyes, the very fairy-like brilliance of her golden hair, each by itself seemed to proclaim the nature of the woman. There was much power, and yet something marvellously sweet in each and all. There was something grand about her; it was impossible to look at her without feeling certain that, besides being an exceptionally beautiful, she was an exceptionally clever woman; and if there was a fault—and when is there not a fault!—one would have guessed at once, and guessed rightly, that it's name was pride. Just now it seemed as if she were quivering under some blow which had fallen on her—her face looked colorless as a snow-flake in the light of the moon.

"It was my own fault for introducing the subject," she muttered, passionately; "but surely he might have spared me! When I had spoken to him, when I had agreed to let bygones be bygones, the hateful incident comes through the means of this racquet once more. I wish I had never seen it!—I wish I had never seen Douglas Jermyn!"

She stood there, the night wind blowing about her. Then, seeming suddenly to recollect the chilliness of the evening, she shivered and shut the door again. She went along a passage to the left, and suddenly gave a great start, and stood motionless. Upon a little hall-table beside her was lying a bundle of wraps, and a strong-looking, large-sized racquet. She first stared at it, and then, seemingly in answer to an irresistible impulse, undid the straps of the wraps, and held the racquet in her hand.

"So here you are!" she muttered, half laughingly and half in anger.

Just at that moment there was a sound of feet coming along the passage, and, with a terrified start, she began to try to do up the strap again. Then, realizing the hopelessness of getting it fastened in time, she went flying up the stairs, with the racquet still in her hand. The stairs were of dark polished oak, and her soft pink dress made a faint swish as it swept over them. Upon the second landing she paused and listened. The delicate color had come into her face again with the rapid flight, and there was a glimmer of amusement in her handsome eyes as she looked down, in a half-ashamed way, at the racquet.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," rang out eight times from a clock in some hidden recess far below; and when the sound had died away, there came a faint creak and a deep silence—so deep that it was ominous. She took one step down again, hesitated for a moment just underneath a rose-colored lamp, and then, turning once more, fled like a panic-stricken deer, and locked herself in a room not far distant. Once inside, she sank down on a chair, and, looking piteously at the racquet, burst into half-hysterical laughter. There was but a faint light in the room, and that was the moonlight. Everything was casting its long, unearthly shadow. And as she noted the long, drawn-out shadow of the racquet upon the wall, she began ruminating about the last time she had held this racquet.

The last time! yes, that was what she wanted to think about. She wanted to remember nothing about the first time. Douglas Jermyn had been playing with this racquet the first time she had met him: a bright, new, gleaming racquet it was then. It had seemed to flash in the sunshine; and she had looked at it, and she had held it. That was the first time. It was impossible to forget; but she wanted to stifle all recollection of that, and to remember only what came after. Ah! there had been so many pleasant things, that now, to-night, with the racquet in her hand. It was difficult to steel herself into remembering only the pain. But the old sensation she was feeling, the bitter consciousness that the wound she had thought half healed was just as open as ever, she knew she must steel herself—and so she began resolutely.

She imagined herself standing with Douglas Jermyn once more at the window of a breakfast-room. It was his birthday. He had a tiny heart-shaped, jewel-set locket open in his hand; and inside the open locket was her own miniature. It was her birthday present to him. Her cheeks burned fiercely in the pale moonlight, as she remembered all that he had said, standing there, with that miniature in his hand. The heart was to be as precious to him as his own heart; it was to bring him good fortune; and he was to treasure it all his life. She remembered every word as if he had spoken it yesterday.

Then she passed on to the following day. How, when her aunt and she were out driving, someone told them that a friend of theirs—and a friend of Mr. Jermyn's—had been unexpectedly called home to New Zealand; and how they had driven to his chambers—for he was a barrister—to bid him good-bye. He was to have been Douglas Jermyn's best man at the wedding and it was the least they could do.

What a hot day that was—and how well she remembered it! She was sitting in a cool corner of the room, putting in a word now and again, and laughing at her aunt's lively chatter. Then, all of a sudden, she started. There was Douglas's racquet! What kept her from exclaiming at once she could not tell; but she silently stretched out her hand for it, and held it just as she held it now. Should she ever forget the shock? Underneath the racquet, carelessly thrown down—carelessly tossed aside, no doubt—and in a friend's room—not even in his own room—was the locket with her miniature. She put the racquet silently back on the top of it, cut to the quick, and went home too angry even to think—of Douglas Jermyn.

She wished now, looking back, that she had taken time to think. After all, it was her own wicked pride which had been most to blame. What had Douglas Jermyn said to her? First of all—he was sorry. That was no excuse for such carelessness. Next, and more quickly—that she must trust him. Well, there had been pride on his side too. Trust him in what way, she demanded. He turned and looked at her—she could see him now—and made no answer. Then she reproached him. She wished—ah, how she wished—she had but taken time to think. Through it all, in some way, the racquet came in again and again. It seemed to be the worst of all to her that the locket should be tossed down under so careless a thing as the racquet. Finally she remembered just how he stood and looked at her, and said at last there was nothing ignominious in the locket having lain there: the racquet was a very good racquet. "In fact, from the day I get it into my hands again," said he, "I shall never use any other—in memoriam."

"Then I will never speak to you again."

And to think that it was possible that both had kept their word until now! Ah, dear! and she covered her eyes with her hands. Alas! this was the steeling process.

Just at this moment the handle of the door was turned, followed by a quick tattoo of knocks.

"Aurora, my dear; where are you?"

She started up, and stared wildly down at the racquet. The room was in a sort of square tower, and the window was a very broad one, down almost to the floor. Through the middle pane the moon shone, but each side was draped by a heavy curtain. She made a quick dart to the window, and poked the racquet behind the curtain; then opened the door.

"Do you want me, Aunt Jane?"

"Want you, Aurora! I wanted to see what in the world had become of you. Excuse me, my dear, but don't you think your running away like that must seem a little funny to—Mr. Jermyn, you know. Come down."

As she spoke, she shut the door, and taking the girl's arm, pulled her gently along the passage.

"Wait a minute. What are they talking about, Aunt Janet?" she expostulated.

"Nothing of any importance," the lady answered; "only that everlasting tennis."

* * * * * *

It might have been an hour before Miss Raymond managed to get up to her room again; more it certainly was not. The conversation had turned away from tennis, but Mr. Jermyn had remained still in the same corner of the drawing-room. She passed through the same passage, and just paused for an instant in the same hall. There was no moonlight now; heavy black clouds had come rolling up, and she thought—yes, as she listened she felt sure, that it was raining. There lay the wraps. Thank heaven, no one had noticed—the strap round them was still unfastened. Swiftly up the broad stairs again. Yes, it was just one hour ago—"Cuckoo" nine times now from the clock. Into her own room next, and straight to the window. She pushed back the curtain and started. She felt rapidly all about the dark corner;—she passed her hand swiftly down the black panes, against which the rain was pattering. *The racquet was gone.* Miss Raymond sank faintly into a chair; but after a moment's thought rose again, lighted the gas and rang for her maid.

"Who has been into my room, within the last hour?" she asked abruptly when the woman came. The maid stared in surprise; she had been sitting only in the adjoining room.

"Nobody but myself, ma'am, she answered. "I came in to——"

"Did you remove anything?" interrupted Aurora, quickly.

"Not I, indeed, ma'am," answered she, earnestly. "What have you lost, Miss Aurora?"

"Only—oh nothing. That will do," said Miss Raymond, rising abruptly to lower the gas.

"Poor Aurora! Once left alone again, she sank into the chair and literally wrung her hands. "How am I to go down and face him?" she moaned. "And what—*what* about the tennis match to-morrow?"

What about the tennis match indeed! What was to be done? He had said he would play with no other racquet than his own: and now his own was gone. Ah, poor Aurora! As she realized the full horror of the situation, she first of all resolved to feign illness, and to go to bed; to go to bed, and to resolutely sleep away all to-night and to-morrow. Then making up her mind to the impossibility of that course, she formed a desperate design of confessing everything upon the spot to Mr. Jermyn, and then threw that proposition even more hastily aside than she had done the first one. And she finally swept down again to the drawing-room as if nothing had happened, to listen from afar to a heated discussion between Mr. Jermyn and someone else as to the relative merits of grass and asphalte tennis-courts. At the end of it the someone else turned a laughing appeal to her; and she answered it laughingly. Laughingly! —*and the racquet was gone.* There was nothing she could do—or at least only one thing which she ought to do—to tell Mr. Jermyn, and she shrank from that as from the plague. Oh, if the rain would but pour and pour so that there could be no match; that at least might be a respite. As the thought struck her, later on, when she was sitting in mental torture in the privacy of her own room, she pushed back the curtain of the window once more. Alas, alas, the moon was actually shining again.

It must have been the terrible anxiety of the night that made her sleep so far into the morning. The full bright sun was streaming in upon her. Nine from the cuckoo clock, and half-past nine was the hour for the match! She must go down and see. Above all things—she realized it now—she must tell the truth to Mr. Jermyn. Perhaps he knew the truth already. Whoever had taken the racquet away had perhaps given it to him, and told him where it was found. One sees things in such a different light in the morning. She had a cup of tea brought to her, and then went resolutely down stairs—not by the side way this time; nothing could have induced her to pass the place where the wraps lay—but down the broad, glittering, sunny grand staircase. As she came within sight of the busy hall, into the full power of the warm sunbeams, she shivered.

She was a very beautiful woman; there was no doubt of it. The hall was crowded with hurrying comers and goers, but there was hardly one who did not turn to look back at her. Just as her foot touched the lower step, a man in a tennis suit came hastily out of a side room, started and bowed.

"Good morning, Miss Raymond! I am glad to see you down in time for the match. Your aunt mentioned that you were not feeling well. By the way, have you heard about poor Jermyn?"

Her face blanched.

"Poor Jermyn!" she repeated, mechanically. At the same instant a laugh broke out beside her. Yes, indeed, poor Jermyn!

He was standing close to her. She caught her lip between her teeth, and turned whiter than ever. A moment more, and a strange look flashed suddenly into the girl's expressive blue eyes. *Mr. Jermyn's right arm was in a sling.*

The man who had come out of the side room was in the act of closing a letter, and noticed nothing of Miss Raymond's confusion. He went rattling on easily.

"Most unfortunate, Jermyn! queer too, eh? Do you often have pains in your arm without knowing why? If you weren't above and beyond all the best players here, one would think you had done it on purpose."

Mr. Jermyn laughed. "You might, perhaps; I am sure Miss Raymond would never be so cruel."

"When did the shock come on?" continued the first speaker, getting out a stamp for his letter.

Mr. Jermyn passed his left hand up his right arm, feeling it carefully.

"Even last night," he said, "I felt doubtful whether I should be able to play to-day."

They had moved forward, and were standing in the doorway now. The quiet grey smoke of the little town was going silently up to the still heavens, and fairy-like white sails were dancing all about in the bay. The straight road, sloping down to the town from this, was already thickly strewed with gaily dressed people coming to witness the match, and the enclosure around the tennis ground had rapidly begun to fill. They were alone again—Mr. Jermyn and Miss Raymond. With his left arm he carelessly raised a field-glass to examine the bay.

Did he know? Aurora Raymond's heart was beating.

"Mr. Jermyn," she began, hesitatingly.

He lowered the field-glass and turned to her.

"I beg your pardon," said he, coolly.

She felt her face flush under his eyes; she paused an instant, and held out her hand for the field-glass.

"May I have a look at the bay?" she inquired, hastily.

"Certainly," said Mr. Jermyn. "I should have thought, however, that an examination of the tennis-court was more in your way. Pardon me; that is the proper focus for the bay."

Did he know? She had been shrewing and unscrewing it blindly. At his last words she checked herself, and looked straight through it.

"I can see—a frigate," she said, with no other object than that of at least saying something. He crossed his arms and leaned against a pillar.

"Well," smiled he. "Now turn it on the tennis-court for a change. Perhaps you may see—a racquet."

The rich color swept all over her face. She lowered the glass at once, her lips quivering.

"Mr. Jermyn," she began for the second time.

"Pardon me," he interrupted, quickly. "You must turn the screw in the other direction, if you really wish to focus the court."

"Mr. Jermyn," she broke out, passionately, "you *know* I don't wish to look at the tennis-court." And then as he stared down at her with an expression of intense surprise, she added, confusedly:

"I—I—you see I have never got over my old distaste to the game."

Mr. Jermyn smiled. Whether he knew it or not—it was probable that he did—his smile was exceedingly charming.

"Ah, Miss Raymond," he said quietly, "nor over your old antipathy to tennis racquets."

Before she had time to answer him, or to recover herself, he turned swiftly away.

* * * * * *

The day had passed on. The noise and excitement of the tennis match; the confusion of luncheon, then the match again; and now it was evening.

How had Miss Raymond got through it all? As she once more sat alone in her room, she could hardly tell. It seemed as if she were only just awaking from an uncomfortable dream. She had been too proud to absent herself entirely from the tennis court, and had laughed and chatted, admired, and been admired; and, through it all, and above it all, had been ashamed of herself and utterly miserable. She regretted now, bitterly, not having gone straight to Mr. Jermyn last night to own everything, and to explain, as well as she could explain. Then, between them, somehow or other, they might have found the racquet. How did Mr. Jermyn know that she had taken it?—she felt that he knew. She could only presume that he had seen the unfastened wraps and had inferred, as they happened to be lying on the way to her room, that she must have done so. How dare he infer such a thing? Ah, it was no use asking that, when she *had* taken it. And now, when she went to him and told him, as she must tell him, just exactly how it had happened, it would seem that the explanation, confession, whatever it was, had only been wrung from her, under the fear of his confiding to others what he knew himself. Was he likely to submit to the loss of the racquet without a word? He had let her see how much he knew for her own sake, hoping, no doubt, that it would draw her into returning it before he openly asked for it back again or applied to others.

He had been at the match, too; his black sling and grey clothes stood out amongst the flannel suits; but he had never once come near her. At luncheon he had studiously avoided looking at her, as indeed she had avoided looking at him; and when by inadvertence both their eyes had happened to meet, he had looked away even more hastily than she had. An evening in the drawing-room—at least until she had seen him to explain—she felt she could not stand, so she had really pleaded illness this time, and here she was. Oh, Mr. Jermyn—Mr. Jermyn—and she was not quite sure—or rather—yes, she might as well own it to herself, she still loved him passionately, as she could never love again.

She began to shiver; how changeable the weather was. Think of this long, bright, beautiful day ending in rain! Yes, heavy rain. She listened to it, as she had listened last night. Only a shower, but a heavy one. She listened silently to the pattering, until it became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased. Then all at once there shone out the moon. She rose with a sigh, and pulled back the side curtains. Why, no wonder she had been cold! The side window was open.

She looked far out of the window, away into the shadowy garden. The rain upon the grass, and the many-tinted trees glistened in the moonlight; and suddenly, as she looked, a thought seemed to strike her, for she threw up the window even wider than before, and hastily thrusting her head out, strained her eyes down into the bushes.

There was a whole bed of thick shrubbery just underneath. She stared and peered into it for a minute, and then drew in her head once more, and stood to think. She recollected something now, and rang the bell hastily, just as she had done last night. There was the sound of her maid rising in the next room, and after an instant the door opened. Miss Raymond had already drawn the curtains and lit the gas.

"Martin," she said to the woman, "I wish you would shut this window. It is rather difficult. I suppose you closed it last night."

The maid went over and drew it down with some difficulty.

"It is stiff, Miss Aurora. Yes; it was to close it that I came in yesterday evening, after you had gone down the first time. Have you found what you lost, ma'am?"

"I—I—believe so," said Aurora, staring blankly before her. "Thanks; that will do."

She believed so! After the woman left her, she started up, and slipped on a long, dark cloak: then hesitated, just for one moment, to consider.

The window was open when she had thrust the racquet so hastily behind the curtains at the sound of her aunt's voice last night. The window was open and reached almost to the floor. She had half thrust, half flung the racquet, never even casting a glance behind the curtain. Why, the inference was clear enough. *She must have flung it outside.* Yes, there could be no doubt of it.

They were all in the drawing-room; it would be easy enough for her to slip out into the garden unobserved just now; but if they had all been in the passage and she had had to go straight through them, she would still have done it. She must satisfy herself instantly. But only to think of the racquet lying out in the damp and rain since last night! Mr. Jermyn's racquet.

She let herself out through the same glass door at which she had stood looking into the garden yesterday. She went rapidly along a gravel path, over a plot of dripping grass, and now here was the shrubbery. She had on thin shoes, but she plunged in amongst the soft earth, and fought her way through the laurels and bays and hollies—until at last she stood beneath her own window. Yes, it was just as she thought. Alas! there lay the racquet.

She took it up, tears of vexation glistening in her eyes. Ah, it was quite spoilt; she might have expected that. The netting loosened, the head twisted, the plaiting on the handle hanging in long strips. Hopelessly, irredeemably spoilt. She turned it over and over, heedless of the damp mould encasing her feet. The very wood had worn into a hole underneath where the plaiting had been. Alas for poor Mr. Jermyn's racquet.

Stay—this was not a hole. What was this? A little round bit of tin about the size of a half-crown. She pushed it down at one side, and found that it turned back as if upon a hinge. The next instant her face had grown whiter than the white house beside which she was standing. *The locket she had given him, the locket with her own miniature, was lying before her eyes!*

She took out the locket from its bed, and stared before her blankly. In one moment she understood—saw it all. The only thing was, how had she been so blind as not to see it from the first. The man, in whose rooms she had discovered the locket and the racquet that fatal afternoon, was well known amongst them as being a mechanical genius. He was always making things, and contriving things, and inventing things. Of course she knew that; how had she not thought of it? He was to have been Douglas Jermyn's best man; of course Douglas had entrusted him with the locket that he might do this with it. And very likely, most possibly, the racquet and locket had been thrust hastily aside where she had seen them, at the announcement of her entry. It was an odd, fanciful idea of Mr. Jermyn's—of Douglas's. She could not help smiling at it in the midst of her distress—but then Douglas had always been so fanciful.

She pushed her way slowly and dazedly out of the bushes again, the locket still in her hand. She went in at the same door, along past the wraps. They were still there, but to-night she never even noticed them, and at the foot of the stairs paused, and drew a breath of positive horror. Oh, were things always to turn against her? What fate, or chance, had ordered that Mr. Jermyn should be coming down those stairs?

Whatever it had been, he *was* coming down them. In point of fact he had gone up by this quiet way for a pipe he had left in the smoking-room. He was in evening dress, but looked in no wise surprised to see beautiful Miss Raymond, dishevelled and dripping, coming in at this hour from the garden. He drew aside politely to let her pass—just underneath the rose-colored lamp. Whether it was the coldness of the action or that the soft rays reminded her of how she had stood here last night, she stopped abruptly, and bringing the racquet from underneath her cloak, handed it to him.

"Mr. Jermyn," she said, bitterly "look at your racquet."

He took it from her without the faintest start, and examined the head of it with great composure.

"I would not have believed," said he pleasantly, "that a strong racquet like mine could become so ridiculously twisted with a couple of showers of rain. But of course, you know, Miss Raymond, there was the damp ground as well. Pardon me—I hope you changed your shoes before venturing into the shrubbery."

She stared at him in a stupefied way for a couple of seconds, and then burst out angrily.

"If you knew, Mr. Jermyn, why did you not tell me?"

"Tell you," repeated Mr. Jermyn, amazedly; and then broke into a short laugh, which he instantly suppressed. "After you left the drawing-room yesterday evening, by the merest chance in the world I happened to look out of the open drawing-room window. I did so just in time to see my own racquet precipitated from another window—from the tower window. Now, as you had mentioned to me not a quarter of an hour before, that your rooms were in that tower I—I—hardly thought it necessary to remind you of the incident about the racquet. Believe me, it should have lain undisturbed there, so far as I was concerned, until the end of the world, or until the gardener brought it once more to light. I am sorry if you have wet your feet."

She stared at him, and leaned back against the banister.

"If you saw it falling, why did you not go out for it? Why did you leave it there in the rain?" she asked, piteously.

"Because," said Mr. Jermyn, politely, but making a movement as if he would pass. "I had far too great a respect for the wishes of Miss Raymond. Excuse me—they are waiting for me in the drawing-room."

"Mr. Jermyn," she interrupted, quickly, and standing before him, "you—you must let me tell you. You must let me explain—as well as I can explain———Ah!" she broke off, covering her eyes suddenly, "I wonder what you do think of me?"

He stared down at her; the deep silence always dominant in this part of the house was unbroken, save for the faint ticking of a clock. After an instant's pause, he answered her in a totally different voice:

"Upon my word, I don't know. Surely it was a—well—shall I say a *foolish* thing to do? Upon my word, I don't know what I think of you—Aurora."

At the sound of her own name she started; and then tightened her hold on the banister.

"I would have told you yesterday," she began, feverishly; "but I seemed not to be able to find words—And you would not give me time. I took the racquet Mr. Jermyn, simply because an irresistible desire came over me to hold it, and to look at it. Then, when I heard my aunt's voice I pushed it hastily behind the curtains, and when I came up an hour afterwards, and found it gone, and knew not how it had gone or who had taken it, I cannot tell you what I felt. This is the real truth. It is only a few minutes ago that, seeing my window open, it suddenly occurred to me about the garden."

He stared at her, and stared at the racquet in her hand; then all at once started and looked up at her again.

"You have found it out?" he said, quickly. "You know then—at last."

"Yes, I have found out," she answered, opening her hand and showing the locket. "I understand all—I am so sorry!—I have regretted it bitterly."

"I have been sorry ever since," said Mr. Jermyn, abruptly and huskily. "It was all, every bit of it, my own fault."

"No, no," she interrupted, with vehemence "It was all mine."

She made a rapid movement to get up the staircase, but he barred the way this time.

"Aurora," he said, "listen: it was both our faults; or it was nobody's fault—not even the racquet's. It was all a mistake. Oh, Aurora! Let us begin it all over again."

"Cuckoo—cuckoo!"—ten lusty times. It seemed almost as if there was a ring of amusement in the little bird's voice; but neither Miss Raymond nor Mr. Jermyn noticed it.

Five minutes later Miss Raymond went up the staircase uninterruptedly, but looking strangely beautiful, even for her; and Mr. Jermyn passed into the drawing-room with a radiant face, and the racquet in his hand—to tell such a story as seemed good to him.

Sunken Rocks.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

To have a heart that is unoccupied is to be in form and the eyes of one's kind—a coquette. In all the petty ambitions that may disfigure the life of woman, the furthest from me was that of winning that for which I had no desire; but I was young, alone, or nearly alone in the world, and there were a barrenness and continual hunger throughout my existence that led me to welcome all things new, in the hope of those grand possibilities of loving and being loved, which in turn ravished and stormed my passionate nature.

The silly moths fluttering in and out of the flame of my discontent suffered nothing in their flittings, and I had settled down in the conviction that the thing of my desire was but an extravagance of the visionary force, and in so settling had committed myself to a future of which I had little hope, and which ended my history in the same chapter of marriage, respectability and endurance up to which the lives of nine girls out of ten are written, and in which they are ended.

I, being an orphan, had gravitated from one relative to another, picking up a scrappy, superficial education by the way, and at sixteen, having grown tired of my migratory existence, was halting between a position as nursery-governess and school-teaching in a barefoot country district for a settlement in life, when Aunt Althea—my rich aunt sent for me to make her a visit.

Aunt Althea was a widow and childless. I chanced to please her, and so my visit grew into a permanency, and my fortune was considered made.

Of course we saw a great deal of society, for my aunt, besides being surrounded by all the elegancies of living, was really a very amiable kind of person, and popular in her set; but I did not marry at once, for all that.

Even at eighteen, one is not in haste, and I had an ideal—a substantial one, it is true; for my sixteen years of poverty-stricken gravitation had taught me that it was a most uncomfortable struggle, this living without money. Still, I had an ideal, and so searched eagerly among the poor men, fearing to find one with whom I might dare poverty, disdaining the few rich ones who came across my path, because of some fatal lack that brought them no higher than the feet of my Hero, who must stand a Saul—head and shoulders above all other men.

And while I waited and longed for the romantic impossible, Philip Floyd learned to love me, and he alas! was neither rich nor handsome, nor yet a polished man, only a thorough gentleman, incapable of a mean action, and grand in thought, health and courage.

I wondered then—I wonder more now—how it came that I won this man to me, or any man in fact, for I was neither "wholly dark nor wholly fair," I had neither genius or wealth, and in mind and temper I was utterly irregular; but such as I was, Philip Floyd loved me, and because this love approximated most nearly to the ideal toward which I groped, it touched me.

It was as if a mother voice had spoken to me out of the unseen world of spirits, and said:

"You need this man, my child. He is strong and brave. He will be patient with your waywardness. Your puerile weight will never drag his broad and liberal nature down, but he is powerful to raise you up to heights of truest womanliness!"

And while I yet struggled to receive this uttered, but half heard message within my weakling intelligence, *he* told me of himself the old, sweet tale of wooing manhood.

And what answer could one make whose mind had formed in sixteen narrowing years of poverty, who saw its shortened annals of all the comfort flesh is heir to, and who hungered and thirsted after an ideal romance? Only this:

"You are mistaken in me, Mr. Floyd; my idea of marriage would shock you. I should be miserable as the wife of a poor man, and I should murder love—yes, respect, even—by vain sightings after the daintinesses of living and attire that are the luxuries of wealth. I am not exactly heartless—I fully intend to have a regard for the man I marry—but I do not think love exists in the grand fashion you and I dream of. Our mutual poverty would wear such sentiment bare; then you would find me unequal to happiness, and you would end by hating the tie that now seems desirable. No, Mr. Floyd; I am not woman enough for such a man as you—I say it in all soberness and humility—*I wish I were!*"

"Do you mean that?" he asked earnestly, turning my face to the light.

"Yes, I mean it," I answered; "for if I were worthy to be your wife, I should not have this mean craving after wealth and position that now stands between us."

Then I thought it was all over, and the man would go his ways as others had done—disappointed but unsaddened—instead of which he took both my hands in his strong arm clasp, and said:

"Then, Achsa if that is all that stands between us, I claim your troth. If you had been a different girl I should not have loved you. I do not believe that I could endure a poor, pinched, married life better than you. I want a pretty house, and ease and art, and all that goes to make life enjoyable. I want, besides this, a life rich in romance, love, in sun-colors, and because I want all these things, I am going away to the diamond fields of Brazil and I want you to wait for me for five years, at the end of which time, if I do not return with a fortune equal to our desires, I will give you back your freedom!"

"Can you trust me for five years? Why I could hardly trust myself for that length of time," I asked, my voice grown strangely husky.

And Philip, looking searchingly into my face answered:

"Yes, I could trust you for ten years, if you loved me!"

All at once there came a feeling over me that I was destined to love more fondly than most women, and that the man to whom I gave my love, and trusted me, might be tried in the trusting, and I said, slowly:

"I think I belong to the kind that need a master."

And his tone was still slower as he replied:

"I think so too?" and, for the first time I realized that this man already possessed a power over me, and that it were better a woman should elect her master, if so be fate. That I should never again be loved in this princely way, I knew, and, building upon my own uncertainty, I put Floyd's ring upon my finger and he sailed away over the sea, leaving me bound in this promise—should my loyalty swerve, he should hear the story first from me.

This was in the early June time when all the world is lovely, and a little later, Aunt Althea and I went down to the seashore for the summer. The place was a quiet one with just visitors enough to make it cheerful, but the scenery was wild and romantic, in every way suited to my unhealthy fancies, and, here for the first time I met Tracy Wolcott.

I had heard the story of his life, as far as the world knew it, and I had wondered with the rest of the world that he, having married an heiress, could separate himself from her; that she, having wedded so elegant a man, should have found it impossible to live with him; but when I met him and saw for myself how like unto a Greek god the Lord had created this man, my wonder grew to curiosity which led me to cultivate him for his secret's sake; and, as it was easy to give one's sympathy to this husband, because of his personal recommendations, there was a possibility, that, right or wrong, his wife might suffer blame, and the sympathizer might unconsciously court danger.

I never stopped to consider how near Tracy Wolcott approached the ideal for which I had been looking to find my life through, in those early days. His position piqued my inquisitiveness; I found him a pleasant companion. There seemed perfect safety in the society of a married man, even if his wife was living apart from him for some unknown reasons, and circumstances favored an intimacy that would have been impossible elsewhere. And so I drifted—ah, whither?

Presently, some friend said to Aunt Althea, as I stood looking out on the ocean:

"Of course, you know Mr. Wolcott's history. Not that I consider him too much of a gentleman to be entirely to blame in his domestic unhappiness, but he is such an unavoidably attractive man, that one might find him dangerous if one were young and fancy free."

Something in the sight of these far off, crested ocean waves gave me honest impulses toward the generous gentleman who sailing away, had left me a stainless honor of love, and I said, with a faint laugh:

"Your consideration is beyond the measure of thanks, madam, but, as I am not fancy free, there cannot be the slightest possible danger for me in this too fluctuating Benedict!"

And my aunt sighed a long sigh of relief that I had even so tacitly, acknowledged my engagement and helped the rumor spread even to Tracy Wolcotte's ears.

Perhaps the man congratulated himself upon knowing that I, too, was in leading-strings. At any rate, feeling both safe and strong, we ventured confidently upon a treacherous path of pleasure that took a deeper tone of interest as we carelessly pursued it.

To me this man became a wonderful revelation. Was he utterly impassive, or were there really an enduring barrier against love?—became an ever unanswered question in my mind; and, perhaps, there were times when he wondered also if this absent lover of mine had ever aroused the new slumbering fires of my nature. But there was nothing as yet to startle consciousness, as still I drifted.

The first awakening came to me when we two went sailing in a tiny boat close under the long low beach, where the ocean beat ceaselessly with its voice of unrest—its under song of longing.

The small bays, beating into the shore with audacious, foamy waves—the woods, dwarfed by the strong salt air, but shining golden in the sun—the beach with its shining sands—the salt marshes, rolling away, dun and hazy, like another wind-swept sea—all passed me by as figments of the imagination, and I left in with the brooding silence that sometimes hangs over the midsummer.

The waves rippled softly over my hand, dipping idly over the side of the boat, and my heart took up the burden of Barry Cornwall's songs as my eyes wandered away over the yielding barrier to the near horizon—my thought to the absent. And Wolcott, watching my face, must have guessed it, for he said, half tiercely:

"You are always in dreamland!"

"You are mistaken. There are too many certainties in life to waste oneself on dreams. I am simply lazy, Mr. Wolcott. It is you who indulge in romances."

"Romance being another name for love."

I could feel the air grow dangerous about me; the sky seemed vague, the sun only a melting cloud; yet I would not seem frightened, and still toyed idly with the waves.

"But love dies and romance has an end," I said, shrinking away from my own daring.

"There you mistake. You do not know this one passion that never dies, else your knowledge would teach you that you may resolve upon its murder. You may bury it—still it lives, as the polyp lives, like well spent curses, when you least expect."

Just then a little island came in sight, glittering with vegetation, glowing with gorgeous flower covering, and I, haply seeing it, exclaimed:

"Moore's island, without the bowers!"

"Or Hinda with her wish," said Wolcott, bending his face so near to mine that his hot breath fanned my cheek. "It is well that you are strong, else we 'might meet on peril's brink.' But Hinda loved and——"

"I do not," I said, steadily.

But the man had mastered, somehow my mood, and weakly yielded to that powerful magnetism of time and place and stronger will.

The wind, that had lain in such a breathless calm, now cut the Seabird's wings with quivering touch, and, spreading them whitely, she skimmed the waters like a thing of life.

We had been too much absorbed with ourselves to note the heavy clouds driving noiselessly up from the south. The sun sank out of sight, leaving a crimson glory over the ocean, and a hissing of white vapors rolling inland. Then there came a sudden lull in the wind and tide. We stood quite still upon a pulseless ocean, and I said, my voice sounding strange in that hollow calm:

"You must turk."

"No, we must wait for the tide. You are not afraid to wait here?"

"Afraid? No," I answered, hotly; "but I wish I were home!"

What was the sudden flaming up in this man's face, bending closer and closer toward mine? He had forgotten himself—everything. The touch of his hand was as fire to the flame. He saw my weakness, and exulted in it. I could hear his heart beat—nay, I felt its throb against my hand. Some fatal spell enchained me, and then his lips touched mine.

All this time, the clouds, turning blue to indigo, had been driving up the heavens like fierce war horses, and a breath from their nostrils flapped in the sail, the waves ran in upon us like crested hills, and out upon the ocean the great swells piled up to mountain heights.

Wolcott gave all his energy to the management of the boat, and I sat there, faint and white with terror, where he had loosed me from his arms, not because of the storm but because of this wave of fire that had engulfed me.

The Gray Point, long and barren, was in sight, but a great swell came like a hungry monster in upon us, and again Wolcott encircled me with his arms.

"You are mine," he whispered in my ear. "If we never reach yonder shore alive, my arms shall coffin you, my kisses drain the last sweetness from your mouth. You are mine, Achsa—you love me—you are *mine!*"

Was this thing true? I had broken faith with another, with one who loved, who trusted me; but must I go down to death with this man's sinful arms around me—with his evil kisses burning my mouth? Ten thousand times—no!

I had been weak, but God's pity was in this angry sea—its fury might lash me clean and pure. I broke away from that passionate embrace. There was spray in my eyes and a choking in my throat. A great chill swept over me with the waves, and I struggled madly for life. Then there came a momentary sense of strangulation, and a ringing as of millions of far-off bells in my ears—places, people and events, came an instant panorama-like between two periods of consciousness, then there was a delicious sensation of floating and lightness, then a heavy, thundering crash, and then infinite peace.

When I again opened my eyes it were as if a whole lifetime had elapsed, and I had entered some strange existence most heavenly still.

There was some faint stir, and, looking about, I saw an old woman nodding by the wide chimney, where a log-fire smouldered, and above which, upon a high mantel, there was a yellow flare of candles, and I knew that I was not dead!

The scene in the boat came vividly before me. I had been saved. I groaned aloud.

"She'll dew well enough neow; it's the Lord's marcy that one on 'em's saved!" said a voice, and I knew that Tracy Wolcott, so little time ago strong in his pride and passion, would never more sail over those summer seas—never more tempt woman with his wicked beauty, drifting over sunken rocks.

Well, it was my own half-reckless work—the first miserable sixteen years of my life had somewhat to answer for. I was poor and motherless and wrong-thinking, but my worship of the ideal had betrayed me; and with what of youth and spirit and dream-life I left it forever, with the wreck of the Seabird, at the bottom of the ocean, some who have so entered upon the actual may know. I had broken faith with Philip Floyd, and now there was left me only the bitter task of confession, and so I, "faithful over a few things," kept my pact.

A letter came in answer to mine, across which I wrote, "No forgiveness can mend a broken faith. Farewell!" and sent it back to the man in far-off Brazil, and the winter set in drearily.

Aunt Althea's health was delicate, and somehow my my cup of happiness was only dregs; and so we lived on, growing to know each other in those ice bound home spent days.

It was a March night I left my cozy fireside and my tempered thoughts to go to a gentleman in the reception room who declined to send up his name.

I felt irritated at the call, and its strangeness; but all this gave place to a trembling numbness as, opening the door, I confronted Philip Floyd, who only said to me in tones of mingled entreaty and regret:

"Achsa! Is it grief for this dead man that has lined your face with pain and struggling?"

"No. I was weak and wild, and, if he had lived might have married him; but he was neither brave nor true, and my life would have been one unavailing regret!"

"I think I won you first against your will, Achsa; but still I won you. If you do not love me, you still could never have loved that man, else you would not have chosen death by throwing yourself into the sea rather than the chance of life with him. I am not afraid of the dead, Achsa; will you be my wife?"

And I consented, hesitating, perhaps in deference to honor, but saying Yes to my master, knowing that some sudden fortune had returned him prematurely to this country—that he would care for me, and accepting it all as the treasure drifting in from wrecks, never asking, in my turn, for faith or loyalty; for why make terms when one is poor?

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—A custom prevails in Wales of carrying about at Christmas time a horse's skull dressed up with ribbons, and supported on a pole by a man who is concealed under a long white cloth. There is a contrivance for opening and shutting the jaws, and the figure pursues and bites everybody it can lay hold of, and does not release them except on payment of a fine. It is generally accompanied by some men dressed up in a grotesque manner, who, on reaching a house, sing some extempore verses requesting admittance, and are in turn answered by those within, until one party or other are at a loss for a reply. The Welsh are undoubtedly a poetical people, and these verses often display a good bit of cleverness. The custom also prevailed in Lancashire, but is now extinct, and also in Yorkshire, where a ram's head often takes the place of the horse's skull. In Gloucestershire it is often customary to place loose straw before the door of any man who beats his wife. At Thanet a couple were, on a certain occasion married at the parish church. An old woman, an aunt of the bridegroom, being displeased at the marriage, anathematised the couple as they left the church, and then bought a new broom, went home, swept her house, and hung the broom over the door, thus intimating the rejection of her nephew!

NEW YORK NEWS.

Styles at the Strongholds. Small Points for Parents. Items of Interest to All.

Some of the new wash goods frocks for little girls of three to seven years are made with full tucked skirts gathered on to the waist which is plain and round without any belt, and having a fulness of white lawn or cambric over which is laced with cord, the color of the skirt and bodice, the side bodies of the waist proper. The lacing strings passing through the holes of Hamburgh embroidery which out-line the side body, back and front, that run from the shoulders to the waist in diagonal lines that meet in a point at the waist line. The sleeves of such frocks are also white and trimmed with cuffs of Hamburgh embroidery. They are the newest "American frocks" for little girls.

All articles shown at the Lilliputian Bazaar in 23d. St, New York are well made—of the best fabrics, after the best models, fitted over the hygienic waist of which the house makes a specialty, so that all suits set superbly. No growing child should be without this indispensary to health, comfort and style.

Le Bon Ton and *Le Moniteur de la Mode* for June are out and contain the latest and most original and unique styles in every detail of the toilet for summer. The features are plain but full skirts. Few looped draperies and those few looped in new styles. No flounces, save occasionally a scant volante around the bottom, high hats and bonnets, striped and barred bourette and boucle stuffs, combinations of etamine and velveteen, unlimited variety in color, many buttons of many kinds and singularly grouped and utilized for decorative effects, lace and velvet combinations in millinery and toilets, the judicious use of gold tinsel and jet, quantities of flowers, gold scarfs, etamine and bourette stuffs chapeaux, high coiffures, long waists, and infinite variety within certain limitations quickly discerned by a glance through the pages of illustrations and colored plates.

The consecration of the Memorial Cathedral of the Incarnation, the magnificent Monumental Church erected at Garden City to the memory of the late Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, under the direction of Judge Hilton and presented by Mrs. Stewart, with an endowment in perpetuity of $15,000 a year to the Protestant Episcopal Church Diocese of Long Island, will take place early in June, and will probably be the most imposing and magnificent religious ceremonial ever witnessed in America. A thousand invited guests will be entertained by Mrs. Stewart on that occasion in the immense refectories of the Cathedral School edifice which is a part of her great gift to the church diocese of Long Island. Every bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America has been invited to participate in this consecration service, and many other distinguished clergymen, beside great numbers of prominent persons, and friends and relatives of the Stewart and Hilton families and their connections. The unlimited resources which the donor commands will provide their numerous guests who will naturally wish to see Garden City and its Cathedral and schools and witness this august ceremonial, with ample and appropriate entertainment. Fast express trains will run out to Garden City every hour of the day for six days, and an immense Casino and dinner hall connection with the Garden City Hotel, will be supplied with food for the same, sent out in box cars, from the kitchens of the Park Avenue and Metropolitan Hotels, in New York, both possessions of the Stewart Estate.

Every detail of the ceremonial of the consecration of the Garden City Memorial Cathedral and the entertainment of Mrs. Stewart's guests on that occasion has been planned and executed under the direction of Judge Hilton, the life friend of Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart. In a conversation with Judge Hilton he said to me: "Mr. Stewart was one of the noblest and best men the world ever knew. Between us existed the most paternal relations, and Mrs Stewart and I have been like a brother and sister to each other for the last thirty-five years. I would not have permitted any one but myself to superintend this tribute to the worth of my friend. But it is all Mrs. Stewart's gift. I am simply acting for her."

The beautiful Lillian Russell's late disappearance from the stage on account of the use of a poisonous cosmetic will be the means of benefiting many of her sex, and particularly ladies in dramatic circles. Miss Russell has long used with benefit the admirable cosmetics of L. Shaw, of 54 East 14th Street, but in an unguarded moment she too generously consented to test those of another cosmeticeus. The consequences were duly reported in the New York daily newspapers. A frightful eruption on her face prevented Miss Russell from appearing for a short time. The writer of this report was at L. Shaw's when Miss Russell's maid entered the morning after the accident and knows what she records to be true, namely: that the maid came to purchase the Eugenie's Secret of Beauty, and at the same time said: "Miss Russell says she will never again use any cosmetics except those of L. Shaw of the Parfumerie Monte Cristo, and especially the Eugenies Secret of Beauty." Miss Russell may well trust herself to the presiding genius of this house. A lineal descendant of the Goudrays who were the world renowned cosmeticeuses and perfumers of the Court of France in the reigns of the houses of medici, Guise & Burton, and whose establishment is under the supervision of one of the priest chemists in the world.

Even in photography and photographers fashion favors her favorite artists, and is changeful in this as in other things. Dellac the lightning photographer is the present rage among the beauties who promenade Fourteenth Street. They find Dellac in lovely studio rooms at the top of the well known 54 West 14th St., and in Dellac the New Yorker of experience in art photographic circles recognizes the late Cading orbit of Rockwood. But Dellac's ideas and methods were so far in advance of all others; he has now opened a studio and gallery of his own, and he is truly a lightning photographer. His pictures are taken instantaneously and he is the very best as well as the most agreeable of posers. He puts one in such a good humor that a handsome picture is the sure result of a sitting. * * *

A DARK LOOK-OUT.—Two travellers riding on horseback through the south of Italy lost their way, and being overtaken by the darkness, their only plan was to seek for some habitation where they might rest for the night, in the hope that, with the help of a guide, they might resume their journey in the morning.

After wandering about for some time they reached a house, which they entered, not without some misgivings, for it had a gloomy, suspicious look about it. Here they found, seated at the table, a family of charcoal burners, who invited them to share their repast. Being hungry after their long ride they readily accepted the invitation; but on looking round the room they were surprised to see pistols, sabres, cutlasses, and guns hung all round the walls.

The younger of the two travellers entered very freely into conversation with his hosts telling them whence they came, where they were going, and who they were. He also promised them ample payment for their kindness on the morrow. He evinced great anxiety as to his valise, and put it on his face as a pillow, preferring it to he would have no other. The strangers were then shown up a ladder into an attic which was used as a store-room for provisions. This was to be their sleeping-place; and the younger traveller lay down and was soon asleep, his head resting on the precious valise, which, however, contained only a few of his sweetheart's love-letters.

The other, not liking the look of things, resolved to sit up all night and watch, so making a good fire, he sat down beside it. Just before dawn he heard the husband and wife talking together, and, putting his ear to the chimney, which communicated with the room below, he distinctly heard the husband say

"Must we kill both of them?" To which the wife replied, "Yes!"

After this there was a silence for a time. The traveller's blood ran cold to think of the fate that seemed to await himself and his companion, and how little chance there was of escape.

In about a quarter of an hour he heard someone ascending the ladder, and through the chinks of the door he saw the husband, closely followed by the wife, the former having a shaded lantern in one hand and a large knife in the other. The traveller hid himself behind the door, which was opened by the man, who, handing the lantern to his wife, crept in on his bare feet. Following behind him, she whispered—

"Gently! Go gently!"

Approaching the bed on which the younger traveller lay extended with his throat exposed, with one hand the intruder seized his knife, and with the other took hold of a ham which hung from the roof, cut a piece off, and withdrew as quickly as he came. The door closed behind him, the light disappeared, and the trembling traveller was left alone with his reflections.

Next morning, on coming down to the room below, they found a very nice breakfast, prepared for them. Two fowls were on the table, one of which the guests had to eat, and the other, the hostess insisted on taking with them. When the suspicious traveller saw the two fowls he understood the meaning of the dreadful words, "Must we kill both of them?"

THE magical cure of colds and coughs, by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is indisputable.

FAITHFULLY keep your engagements.

Our Young Folks.

UNDER A CRAZY QUILT.

He slept, and dreamt that the kangaroo
Had given a fancy ball:
The elephant came with the festive goat,
The mouse with the ostrich tail.
A funny giraffe, that did nothing but laugh,
Dropped in with a centipede;
And a cricket and flea, that had just been to tea
Waltzed round with remarkable speed.

A wasp and a bumble bee had a chat
Just over his little nose:
An I a boa constrictor, dressed up in mat,
Dressed up in his Sunday clothes
A crow and a raccoon, in a fire balloon,
Passed over his bed to sing:
And a neat armadillo crept up on his pillow
To dance the Highland fling.

Then all, ere they left, made a graceful bow,
And [illegible] speed
[illegible]
[illegible] stepped [illegible] head.
The little boy woke and grinned at the joke;
Spoke out of his window [illegible],
"I can [illegible] ever [illegible]," while they cover
Me up with this [illegible] quilt."

—U. N. Sonz.

A ROW FOR A LIFE.

BY PIPKIN.

HILDA and Cora sat beneath the wide branching chestnuts in the warm stillness of the summer noon. Cora held a small book in her hand.

"Here it is, Hilda: 17th of July, *Cecil Hepworth*. That was almost two years ago. And he said he would be back in about two years, and bring you and me some ostrich feathers and a little nugget of gold each."

"Is that why you wish him back so much, Cora?" said Hilda slyly.

"Oh, no! you know it isn't that," Cora replied eagerly. "Uncle Cecil was so nice. Our other uncles are well enough, you know, but they only look on you as little girls still, though you will be fourteen next birthday. But Uncle Cecil was quite different."

"Yes, he was always such good fun," said Hilda.

"And seemed to think it worth his while trying to amuse young people sometimes. There is no one like Uncle Cecil," said Cora.

"A lot of things have happened since he went away," said Hilda: "Mabel's marriage and our changing our house. I wonder if he will like this place as well as Fircroft?" said Hilda.

"Oh, yes; I am sure he will. He will think the river splendid. He ought to be back soon now. But he has not written to papa for some time. Papa says he is not a good correspondent."

"Well, we shall hear something about him soon, I daresay. And I hope he won't forget the ostrich feathers and the little gold stones," Hilda answered.

At that moment Tippoo, Cora's little dog, began barking. He had scampered away from his mistress's side, and was now halfway down the grassy slope that led to the river.

"What is making Tip so noisy?" Cora said. "Let us see, Hilda."

The sisters rose, and together approached the dog. When they had reached the spot where he was standing, still barking, they could see the river, flowing past the foot of the garden, bordered by poplars and willows.

"There's some one in a boat on the river," said Cora. "Who can it be?"

"It isn't Mr. Francis, nor Harry Harding. They're never on the river at this time," Hilda said.

"And they haven't such long beards—Harry hasn't any at all. Let us go down to the bank. See, he is rowing quite hard. Oh, Hilda! suppose he is some stranger, and doesn't know about the weir?"

They ran down the slope, and in a few moments stood on the bank of the river near a small wooden landing, to which a boat was moored. They could now hear the rush and roar of the weir, which was situated only a short distance farther down the river.

"He can't know about it, Hilda, or he would never row so steadily in the middle of the stream like that. Oh! what shall we do to warn him? If he once gets into the current of the weir he is lost. Let us call to him!"

Both girls raised their voices and shouted their loudest. But the thud of the weir close by drowned their cries.

"He will hear it in a few moments himself, Cora, and then he will stop his boat," said Hilda.

"Then it will be too late. There is only one thing we can do; we must row out to him. Quick, Hilda dear! you take stroke."

The two girls were seated in the boat ere Cora had ceased speaking. Both understood the simple management of a small rowing-boat, and both had learned to handle an oar with skill.

They pulled out from the bank, heading a little up stream, so as to cross the track of the stranger's boat, if possible. Both put forth their whole strength, and the skiff shot over the waters.

"We shan't manage it. He will be into the current in a few minutes more!" cried Cora, in an anguish of excitement. "Oh, call to him again, Hilda! You can call louder than I."

Hilda raised her voice, and sent a cry of warning to the figure in the boat. He heard now, and turned his head.

"Oh, take care—the weir! You are going too near!" the two girls cried out together. They were now close to the strong mid-current themselves, and dared not approach nearer. They had attracted the attention of the stranger too late. He was already in the swirl and swift down-draught of the current, and his boat was being rapidly borne towards and past the two girls in their boat. Cora, in the bows, rose hurriedly from her seat, caught up a small rope that alway lay coiled in the prow of the skiff, and flung it to the stranger as his boat swept past, now quite beyond the control of his oars. The rope fell a little short, but stretching out his arm, the stranger caught it cleverly and made it fast. The sudden sharp strain upon the skiff wrenched her head round and dragged her towards the mid-current. But Cora was now in her place again, and the two girls were backing water hard.

It was a moment of supreme suspense. The stranger was now grasping his oars and rowing hard up-stream, while Cora and Hilda were straining every muscle and nerve with the same object. It was now a stern battle between the strength of the current and that of the three rowers. The two girls, though out of the full force of the mid-eddy caused by the proximity of the weir, still felt some of its effect, and they had never in their lives before rowed against such rapid water.

For a few moments it seemed uncertain which would win in the struggle, the stream or the rowers. Then Hilda and Cora felt that they were making a little way; the hope revived their strength, as hope always will, and they set their lips hard, and beat again with fresh courage to their oars. The gentleman in the other boat was pulling not only for dear life, but for the lives of two others; for it was quite certain that if he were dragged over the weir the little skiff and its two occupants must follow.

The next two minutes decided the crisis. The two boats had been making almost imperceptibly slow way up-stream, but they had made way, and when the stranger's boat was out of the full and direct sweep of the current the danger was over. The united strength of the three rowers had triumphed—though the battle had been as nearly lost as won—and now a few more vigorous strokes brought both boats in to the side-stream and quiet water.

"Well done! and well rowed, all!" cried the stranger, in a voice that sent a sudden strange thrill through Cora.

In a few minutes more the two boats touched the little landing-stage, and their occupants were standing on the bank. The stranger had hardly disembarked when he caught Hilda and Cora in his arms.

"God bless you, my dear girls! you have saved your uncle's life to-day, not a doubt of that. But don't you know me?"

Both girls were staring hard at the stranger.

"Oh! I thought I knew your voice, Uncle Cecil," cried Cora in excitement, "and now I recognise you. But it is all so strange. You are so changed. I don't think I should have known you if I'd met you in the street."

"This huge beard, eh? Well, it does change one. And I am as brown as an Indian too; but I am hardly more altered than you are. Dear me! are you the little girls I used to romp with just two years ago. Almost young ladies grown already. Too big for your uncle to kiss any more, even after so long an absence, eh?" But he stooped down and kissed them, all the same.

"But what does it all mean, Uncle Cecil?" said Hilda. "Why didn't you write that you were coming? We didn't even know that you had arrived in England."

"And why did you come this way by the river the first time, and not by rail?" said Cora.

"Because I am still as foolish as ever I was, and always have a difficulty in doing things quite like other people. I came on as far as Wellcote by rail, and then I thought I would take a boat there, and row the rest of the way down the river."

"Yes, that was very like you, Uncle Cecil. You were always so fond of surprises, even in our games," said Cora, smiling.

"I got a little more surprise to-day, however, than I exactly bargained for, and it is to be hoped that it may teach me a lesson, though I am not easy to teach in that way."

"But did they not tell you at Wellcote about the weir and its great danger?" Hilda asked.

"No. I suppose the boat people thought I knew the river. But I was never in the Gloam before."

"And couldn't you hear the rush of the water sooner?"

"I had a fever at the Cape. It left me a little deaf, and I haven't quite recovered yet. The first thing I heard was you calling, and then immediately afterwards I caught the sound of the weir. It was a risky business, and no mistake; and what plucky little girls you are, to be sure!"

"Nonsense, Uncle Cecil! Do you think we could have seen you going straight into the weir, and not try to help you in some way?" said Cora.

The three were now walking up the garden towards the house, Cecil Hepworth carrying a small portmanteau, which he had brought with him in the boat.

Inside the house, after Uncle Cecil had been warmly welcomed on all sides, and many questions put and answered about the circumstances of his arrival, the story of the weir and the rescue by the girls had to be told.

"Quite a dramatic little incident in the telling, but it was really a serious business, and we cannot be too thankful that it has ended as it has done," said Mr. Oswald, the father of the two girls.

"What a poor reward I can make you, my dears, for your courage and goodness; but see, I can keep a promise at any rate."

Uncle Cecil had opened his portmanteau, and now took out two lovely plumes of ostrich feathers.

"These were two of the finest I could get."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Hilda and Cora in a breath. "How good of you to remember, Uncle Cecil! They are too lovely!"

"And here are two small gold nuggets. I got these from a fortunate digger returning from Australia, who stopped a few days at the Cape."

He placed in his nieces' hands two small stones, which sparkled yellow in the light.

"Real gold nuggets! how nice!" exclaimed Cora, who, as may have been gathered, had a strong vein of sentiment.

"I tell you what you should do with them," said their father, smiling: "you should hang them to your chains in memory of this adventurous day."

"That is what we *will* do, papa," said Cora.

THE LANGUAGE OF GESTURES.—The true character of the hands is to be sought for in their movements. It is in their power of expression that the orator, the singer, the actor, finds the inexhaustible source of their finest efforts. In prayer, in pain, in joy—when man commands or when he supplicates,—his hands uplifted, lowered, or hovering in space, seem to be sowing his thoughts in air, just as grain is scattered to the winds by the sower.

In regard to the movements of the hand we can classify according to a few general principles. Whatever tends to open, to spread out the hand, signifies clearness, breadth, truth, simplicity, facility. Whatever feeling causes the hand to clench itself, to close, to diminish its appearance, is connected with obscurity, limitation, doubt, complication, difficulty. There are certain gestures which have become so indentified with certain sentiments that their mere definition is equivalent to a verb. We say "show one's fist," for "threaten;" we say "point one's finger at a person" to designate malice. The gestures of designation, of warning, of precision, indicated by more or less tension of the index-fingers, are too known to dwell upon. We press the veil fingers flat upon the forehead to recall a memory; the open hand to concentrate thought. We rub or scratch the forehead in trying to think how to get out of a difficulty; a man often scratches his ear when he feels embarrassed. And, as one scratches when bothered by a flea, the saying, "he's got a flea in his ear," is applied to a man who does not know what to do.

To finger one's chin, to caress it often in succession, expresses in common belief deliberation, the search of means to fulfill a purpose.

Finally, to rub one's hands together, a sign of joy—has passed into common parlance as an expression indicative of joy, self-congratulation. The same thing may be said of clapping the hands, which has always and among all people been accepted as the sign and metaphor of enthusiasm. To put one's thumb to one's nose while the other fingers are vertically extended and agitated, is a gesture of mockery among nearly all civilized people. Why? I think it is because the principal effect of this gesture is to render the nose temporarily snubbed—which is done by the pressure of the thumb, while the other fingers are pointed at the person ridiculed. "Snubnose! snubnose!" that is the interpretation of this finger-telegram, which is equivalent to saying, "You are a fool." It is also interesting to note—as a vestige of antique beliefs that have long ago disappeared in France, the gesture, which consisted in retaining the two middle fingers with the thumb, and holding up the index and little fingers. The children, who use the gesture for pure mischief or derision, doubtless never suspect that they are repeating an ancient sign of adjuration to drive away evil spirits, or to conjure the Evil Eye. This gesture is still very popular in Italy, especially at Naples, where many folks believe themselves hopelessly lost and if they had not about them a little amulet of horn, or a little carved hand with two fingers open, to preserve them from the Evil Eye.

It is a fact that there has been from the first in the Christian world a confident persuasion of the reality of the future life quite different from any belief elsewhere. This persuasion of immortality does not come from argument or reasoning. It has been transmitted through the Church from the beginning as an inheritance, into which we are all born. We grow up from childhood with this implicit conviction. It has come down from father to son, from mother to daughter, as an unquestioned belief. The argument of sceptics produce no effect upon us, for the roots of this conviction go down below the region of argument—it is a part of our life. It is not an opinion to which we assent, but a conviction to which we live. In the light of this immortal hope we bid farewell to those we love, who go into the silent land, not as an unknown region, but as a world full of saints and angels, where the dear lost shall come to meet us again.

PRUSSIC, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man who is not pleased with himself, even in a personal sense, can easily please others.

A FLOATING CITY.

IT may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact that Bangkok in India is one of the most wonderful cities in the world. The capital of Siam, and situated on—or rather in—the River Menam, it is literally one mass of floating houses. On either side of the majestic stream moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of 70,000 of these neat little wooden dwellings, each one floating on a compact raft of bamboos. The whole intermediate space of the river is one dense crowd of ships—junks and boats of every conceivable size, color, and shape.

Sometimes a house breaks loose from the mooring and hastens along with the tide, amidst the uproar and the shouts of the inhabitants and all the spectators. All the front-row houses are neatly painted shops, in which various articles are exposed for sale; behind these, again, at equal distances rise the lofty and elegant porcelain towers of the various wats and temples, and on the right, as far away as it is possible to see are three stately pillars erected to the memory of three defunct kings, celebrated for some acts of valor and justice.

A little beyond these, looming like a line of battle ships amongst a lot of cockle-shells, rises the straggling and not very elegant palace where his Siamese Majesty resides. Right ahead where the city terminates, and the river, making a curve, flows behind the palace, is a neat-looking fort, surmounted by a tope of mango trees, and over which peep the roofs of two or three houses, and a tall flag-staff from which floats the royal pendant and Jack of Siam, a flag of red groundwork, with a white elephant worked into the centre.

When landing it is necessary to be very careful how you step out of the boat into the balcony of the floating house, for it will recede by the force of your effort to mount, and if not aware of this, you are likely to lose your balance and fall into the river.

The houses, though small, are clean and comfortable. If any of our readers think of taking up their abode there, we may as well mention that they would do well to take their own furniture along with them, as, although the houses inhabited by the Chinese are pretty well off on this score the Siamese have seldom any more than their bedding materials, a few pots and pans to cook with, a jar or two of stores, and a few fishing nets.

Every house has a canoe attached to it and no nation detests walking so much as the Siamese; at the same time they are all expert swimmers, and both men and women begin to acquire this very necessary art at an early age. Without it a man runs momentary risk of being drowned, as when a canoe upsets none of the passers-by ever think it necessary to lend any aid, supposing them fully adequate to saving their own lives, and thus forming another instance of the peculiarities of this unique metropolis.

TAKEN IN.—The Prince of Conty, as the fashion of the time exacted, was a great connoisseur, and held a daily levee of picture dealers, from which, however, one Ledoux, the wiliest of them all, was rigidly excluded.

One fine morning a gentleman, clad in deep mourning, waited upon the Prince, and throwing himself at his feet, invoked his highness' pity and assistance to save him from ruin. His father, the complaisant exile not, though a great connoisseur man, always had a mania for buying pictures, and had turned all his possessions into painted canvas, so that at his death his heir was left without ready money, but with a great gallery.

"But you must sell the pictures," said the Prince.

"To whom? The dealers, they tell me, are all rascals, that will not give me a tithe of their value, and the only one of them that seems to have any wish to spare is a fellow named Ledoux, who has been to see the pictures several times, but offers me a miserable pittance."

"Ledoux, eh? Beware of that man; he is a scoundrel! I will see your pictures."

Arrived at the place where the collection was stored, the Prince examined the pictures while the proprietor gave way to renewed manifestations of grief at the spectacle of the treasures upon which his departed parent had squandered his fortune.

"Well," said the Prince, "what did Ledoux offer you?"

"Forty thousand livres, your highness. The scoundrel refused to offer anything more, though my father spent more than three hundred thousand upon his gallery."

"Your father was imposed upon, and paid much more than the collection is worth. I'll give you sixty thousand."

The sum was mournfully accepted, and the pictures were taken home by the generous Prince, who discovered next morning that the unfortunate heir was Ledoux; that as he had appraised the collection himself at sixty thousand livres he had no ground for an action to recover the money, and that the only valuable things in the collection were the frames.

COLOR IN LEAVES.—Taking all the facts into consideration, it appears clear that all the bright and beautiful tints of leaves in autumn are merely the earlier stages of decomposition, and are due to the more or less considerable triumph of chemical forces over the weakened or destroyed vitality of the living plant. It is true one cannot but feel that this is a very unpoetical way to regard the magnificent tints of a fine autumnal landscape, but it is not less true than that the colored clouds of evening mark the departing day.

HIDE AND SEEK.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

Love was playing hide and seek,
And we deemed that he was gone;
Tears were on my withered cheek
For the setting of the sun;
Dark it was, around, above,
But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear is wan November,
We recall the happy spring,
While bewildered we remember
When the woods began to sing,
All alive with leaf and wing;
Leafless lay the silent grove,
But he came again, my love.

And our melancholy frost
Woke to radiance in his rays
Who wore the look of one we lost
In the far away, dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move;
Yet he came again, my love!

Love went to sleep, but not forever,
And we deemed that he was dead;
Nay, shall aught avail to sever
Hearts that once, indeed, were wed?
Garlands for his grave we wove,
Yet he came again, my love!

SAGACIOUS DOGS.

JUST at present the dog is attracting, once again, an unusual amount of notice—in fact, he is the "lion" of the hour, if the Hibernianism may be permitted. And who can wonder at the praises which are being bestowed upon the faithful canine, or at the testimonials of his courage, sagacity and patience which are being showered upon him in the columns of the "dailies," when we read of the "reason or instinct" of that clever terrier which, we are told, having received an injury to one of its paws a few days since, went by itself to the hospital, and, "barking until the porter opened the door, he held up the wounded leg for him to see?" "The man called the house-surgeon," the story goes on, "and the dog, following him to the accident room, was there treated, acting throughout with an intelligence which is at once both touching and perplexing to reflect on, and testifying its gratitude for the relief afforded, in the most pathetic and unmistakable way, by barking, and licking the surgeon's hands. Indeed, so very loudly and persistently did it bark its acknowledgements that it had to be put out, and afterwards it remained hanging about the door for some two hours."

Such an incident as this fairly baffles philosophy. What was the dog saying? Was it apologizing for having come without a fee, or trying to represent that it was friendless and poor, and, therefore, pleaded for gratuitous treatment? Perhaps it was explaining, in a somewhat excited and incoherent way, as sufferers from accidents are wont to do, the circumstances under which it had come by its injuries. Whether this was "reason or instinct," it is not our purpose to argue; but a few anecdotes of dogs, most of which have come under the writer's own notice, cannot fail to interest one and all.

A "cricketing" dog was a small white terrier that a friend of mine once had. He was exceedingly fond of the game, and frequently caused great annoyance to the players in a field, a short distance from the house, by chasing the ball, and thus interrupting the game. An endeavor was made to prevent his knowing when the game was going to commence, but he became clever enough to understand the dodge, and he checkmated his masters by allowing them to leave the house first by the front, immediately after making his exit by the back; and, getting to the field first, he was generally found sitting quietly waiting for the game to commence.

Another of his peculiarities was his antipathy to any music. When playing was commenced, it was his custom to set up a most dismal howling, which was certainly not calculated to "soothe the savage breast," although he was useful in ridding us of organ-grinders, whose music he was accustomed to "make hideous" in the same way if he could possibly get out into the street. Owing to a disagreeable habit he formed of tearing up the lawn, my friend made him a present to a gentleman, without particularizing his defects to an unnecessary extent. A short time after his new owner asked my friend what he would do with a dog which was always tearing up his lawn. "I should make him a present to a friend," was the quiet reply. The joke was seen, and the advice acted upon.

A story is told of a dog named Tan, which was an old parlor favorite, when a partridge, answering to the name of Bill, became also domesticated in the same family. There was some danger in placing them together, for Tan was a lively and spirited spaniel, very apt to torment the cats, and bark at any exciting object. But the experiment was tried, and Bill, being very tame, did not feel much alarm at its natural foe, and gradually all shyness wore off and a warm friendship was established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew on its mistress' shoulders, emitting the shrill note familiar to sportsmen; the spaniel leaped about with equal excitement, and a dish of bread being placed on the floor, the two fed in perfect amity together. The meal being ended, the spaniel would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between its legs and remain from stirring till its friend awoke. Whenever the dog went out with its mistress, the bird displayed the greatest uneasiness till its return; and once, when the partridge was accidentally shut up through the day, the dog searched for it about the house, with a mournful cry. At length the spaniel was stolen; from that time the partridge refused all food, and, on the seventh day, died from grief.

A dog which had been accustomed to go with his master regularly to a certain church, still continued to go there regularly by himself every Sunday for a whole year while the edifice was under repair and Divine service was not held. Whenever he could, he would get into the family pew, and there pass the proper time. His instinct enabled him to perceive the occasion and to measure the regular time, but it could carry him no farther.

On the evening of the 21st of February, 1883, the store of a certain chandler was left in charge of his daughter, about nine years of age, and a large mastiff, which was generally kept there as a safeguard since an attempt was made to rob the shop. The child had on a large straw bonnet lined with silk, which took fire from the gas in some manner. She endeavored to pull it off, but, being tied, she could not effect her purpose; and, in her terror, shrieked lustily, on which the mastiff immediately sprang to her assistance, and, with mouth and paws, completely smothered the flame by pressing the bonnet together. The lining of the bonnet and the child's hair only were burnt.

—ROMANES.

Grains of Gold.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

A thousand cares do not pay one debt.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

Purity is the robe of angels, and rightconsness is the helmet of the wise.

No man forgets respect to another who knows the value of respect to himself.

Look after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave its appreciation to others.

Do not expect your friend to be a paragon. Who seeks a faultless friend, rests friendless.

There is no elevation for humanity without toil, none without active thought, feeling and purpose.

Those who understand the value of time, treat it as prudent people do their money; they make a little go a great way.

Never quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. Hope is often the cause, as well as the effect, of youth.

It is the young, the idle, the small-minded, who are most prone to vex themselves about small things and outside things.

It would be well if old age diminished our perceptibilities to pain in the same proportion that it does our sensibilities to pleasure.

One of the highest and best enjoyments comes through what is done for others. This is believed in theoretically, but seldom practically.

Hide thy tears—I do not bid thee not to shed them—it were easier to stop the Euphrates at its source than one tear of a true and tender heart.

An oral agreement must be proved by evidence. A written agreement proves itself. The law prefers written to oral evidence, because of its precision.

This is true religious devotion, this the sum of religious instruction—viz., that it shall increase the mercy and charity, the truth and purity, the kindness and honesty of the world.

No one is responsible for more than he has to bestow, whether it be of time, intelligence, or power; but each one is responsible for what he does possess, and must decide for himself in what way to employ it.

Man's outward circumstances, which are familiarly said to be beyond his control, are many times beyond his management, because he did not exercise control at the time when his work was in his own power.

Femininities.

Great Britain has 700,000 more females than males.

Every boy should be taught to respect womanhood.

Love cannot be bought or sold; its only price is love.

A female "drummer" from Chicago is doing Texas.

Among the exhibits at the Crazy Quilt Show in Boston is a fire screen containing 35,000 beads.

Take an interest in your children's amusements; mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

If woman were by nature what she tries often to make herself by art, she would be dreadfully discontented.

New bangles with tiny seals hung round them, are the latest style. Ladies now seal their letters with colored wax.

A courtship that has covered a period of 21 years, is said to be still tenderly pursuing its rosy way in Stratford, Conn.

Myrtle Rosa Zilah Jennie Vanduzer Pussy Satterfield Addie Belle is the name of a female resident of Danville, Ga.

Minerva's eye is the last new color; it is a cool grey melting into soft shades. Boston ladies affect it much in spring costumes.

Persons who perspire freely should put a little ammonia in their toilet water. It is pleasant, and dries the skin very effectively.

A poor Connecticut woman, who for thirty years has been hunting her children, has become the heiress of a large fortune.

Sandwiches are a great staple in London. Forty thousand women are daily engaged in vending them, not to mention the thousands who assist in their preparation.

Girls, as much as boys, require exercise that will bring all the muscles of the body into action. The development of limb is as essential as the development of brain.

A young lady asks why an old maid generally has so many cats about her. Probably because there's such a scarcity of bootjacks around an old maid's house. Is that answer right?

Oatmeal is excellent for the skin. Soak a cupful of meal in water three or four hours. Apply to the face and hands before retiring. Dry oatmeal rubbed on the skin after a bath is also beneficial.

Young hopeful: "Mamma, may I go out fishing to-day?" Mamma: "Yes, my dear; but remember that you are not to go near the water and get your feet wet, or you will have a whipping and be sent to bed."

The Queen of Great Britain always sleeps in a wooden bed of a particular shape, and made up in a special way; and whenever she goes to a strange place a bed and its furniture are despatched from Windsor for her use.

Byron's fatal rhyme of "intellectual" and "henpecked-you-all" is a caustic comment on the higher conditions of married life, and, could warning make the world more just or wise, would prove a caution to the learned and great.

Mrs. De Blank—"I am so glad Mrs. De Bright is going to remain in the city another month. She is perfectly charming; the most lovely woman I ever saw. All the ladies adore her here." Mr. De Blank—"Is she pretty?" Mrs. De Blank—"Of course not."

Among the "curiosities of commerce," none, perhaps, is more curious than that the major portion of the produce exported from South Africa is simply used for the adornment of ladies. Out of the total value exported of $38,000,000, ostrich feathers and diamonds account for $35,000,000.

The Nebraska Legislature employs sixteen women as enrolling and engrossing clerks, and has passed a resolution limiting their pay to the time actually employed. A good arrangement, but it is a little strange that the Legislature never discovered any extravagance in the former way until women were to profit by it.

They were sitting in the front parlor, and he observed that he "really ought to go, as it was getting quite late." "You might just as well wait a few minutes longer," she pleaded. "I want you to see the funny little man that brings around the morning papers." He passes the house now without even looking up at the windows.

The relation between brother and sister in Fiji is somewhat strange. A recent traveler says that a brother may barely speak to his sister; as to laughing or joking with her, that is altogether out of the question; they are sacred to one another. When in either case they wish to make use of an emphatic reservation, they swear by this kinship.

A veritable princess Ida—albeit a married one—the Princess of Wales looked when she received the degree of doctor of music from the Dublin University. She wore a doctoral gown with full sleeves made of white brocaded satin, lined and trimmed with crimson satin, with an academic hood of the same materials. A piquant velvet college cap, trimmed with gold lace and a gold tassel, completed this exquisite make-up.

Mrs. Jeannette Hollinshead, of Stroudsburg, this State, is one of the oldest living subscribers to THE POST, having taken the paper since its foundation. She is now over eighty-two years of age, though not looking fifty, and still reads THE POST with the same interest as of old. We venture to say there is not a journal published in this or any other country that can show an original and continuous subscription of so long standing as Mrs. Hollinshead's to THE POST.

Dog parties are quite the fashion at present. The belles of upper tendom meet at each other's houses, bringing their little favorites with them. The conversation on such occasions is most instructive. "Dear, dear!" exclaimed a charming blonde at one of those intellectual gatherings, the other day, "what a horrid little doggie mine is!" "What has he done?" "Why, he has eaten up the pretty little sealskin sacque I had made for him last winter." Chorus of fair ones: "The bad, bad doggie."

Masculinities.

Cremation has been advocated from the pulpit of St. Paul's, London, by Canon Liddon.

Adam was the only man who could get off a joke without somebody saying he had heard it before.

There are 93,139 women nail-makers in England. The nails are used in fastening horseshoes in place.

Oliver Wendell Holmes carries a horse chestnut in his pocket, in full faith that it prevents rheumatism.

Degrees of comparison in marrying for money: Positive, Cupid; comparative, stupid; superlative, cupidity.

A footman 22 years old and six feet ten inches tall advertises for a position, in a recent number of a London paper.

People who love downy peaches are apt not to think of the stone, and sometimes jar their teeth terribly against it.

The Secretary of the London Swimming Club recommends bathing at night, just before retiring, as a sure means of inducing sleep.

"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," said wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

"Does your wife keep a pet?" asked Bigsby of Poplajay, the other day. "Well, I guess she does," was the reply. "She's never out of a pet."

A Troy lawyer gives as a reason for not going to Europe this summer, that a rich client of his has just died, and he is afraid the heirs will get the property.

In Bombay men cut off their wives' noses for punishment. The women in this country are too smart for their husbands. They never talk through their noses.

"On the Point of Attack," is the title of a new novel. If the head means anything, it is probably the experience of man walking round at 2 a.m. in his bare feet.

A suit for fifty thousand dollars damages has been brought by a Chicago woman against a recreant lover, whom she says promised to marry her twenty years ago.

A man in full healthy exercise requires about one-half pound of meat, nineteen ounces of bread and three ounces of butter-fat per day to supply the waste of his system.

"A petrified baby was recently discovered in Texas." Unmarried men may believe this, but those who have seen a baby in motion know it is never still long enough to petrify.

A Vermont husband got wind of the proposed elopement of his wife, and frustrated it by keeping guard over her silk dress. She wouldn't run away in a calico gown, and he knew it.

Kentucky boasts a family by the name of Howard whose combined height is exactly 75 feet, and weight 2200 pounds. There are eleven persons in the family, and the father and his six sons are able to lift 9500 pounds.

At some point in the career of every human soul yawns a chasm that seems impassable. One of these ditches confronts the young wife when she first opens her eyes to the fact that she can't cook like somebody's mother.

The Irish jaunting car, which became unpopular after the Phœnix Park assassination, is again coming into public favor. The Prince of Wales used one of them on the occasion of his recent visit to the Lakes of Killarney.

A girl with three arms is one of the attractions of a Louisville side show. This young lady ought to be sought for by every marriageable young man in the neighborhood. She could put two arms around a man's neck, while she turned pancakes with the other.

"Well, how did you like the sermon today?" "The sermon?" "Yes! you were at church, weren't you?" "Yes, yes—certainly." "Then you can tell how you liked the sermon, I suppose. You heard it, didn't you?" "Heard it? Certainly not. I belong to the choir."

A zealous Christian woman in Lowell has left her husband's bed and board, because he will not be converted. She has reached the "perfect state," and is so outraged that her husband, otherwise an exemplary man, will not come to her way of thinking, that she will no longer live with him.

A Boston man wears the champion belt for meanness. His clerk is an expert penman, and was practising his art in shading the letters on the addresses of some envelopes, when the employer, happening to overlook him, said: "Mr. Daybook, I would not shade those letters; it wastes the ink awfully."

A note was taken up a few nights ago to a New York gentleman who was seated in his library. It read: "When you read this I shall be far away." It might have added, "and so will your overcoat," for when he went down to see who had handed in the note, his hat-rack was bare and the man had gone.

A St. Louis man, whose wife was physical perfection in all respects save in the matter of eyebrows, went to work in devising an artificial substitute, and with such artistic success that the most critical observer would not know they were not nature's own. The subject of defective eyebrows now engrosses his entire attention.

A man who fell over some carpet placed across a London sidewalk for party guests to tread upon brought in damages for his injuries. He said at the trial that he did not see the carpet, as he was star-gazing at the time, and the justice awarded him $20, saying that a man has a perfect right to walk along the street with his eyes fixed on the stars.

A kiss is said to be sweet not because it contains saccharine matter, but because a man doesn't know what else to call it when he feels the effect traveling through his system on a lightning express, with no stop-over check. It is safe to assume that a man who attempts to describe a kiss never had one. Men who have had kisses (not smacks) don't want to talk; they just want to think, and dream, and die with their boots on.

A QUEEN OF ROSES.

WHO does not love the Jacqueminot, with its strong scent, like that you sometimes smell in the Turkish bazaars in Constantinople, when the old merchant in baggy trousers opens a bottle of rose perfume? It, too, has a story, a story that is as old as the ages. General Jacqueminot was one of the great Napoleon's favorite generals, who was extremely fond of floriculture in the few spare days of leave his extremely restless and active master gave him. He managed, however, to have a good deal of pleasure in his garden, despite the short lapse of time. This General Jacqueminot was a man of strong feelings and furious passions. He had always been accustomed to prompt and absolute obedience and exacted it from all about him. While in the West Indies he had married very young. He had but one child, Marguerite, who was his all, and she appreciated her father's fondness and affection. She was sixteen years old, and a woman, for those who are of the tropics step from childhood to man or womanhood in a brief stride. The girl was much alone and imaginative, and the son of her father's neighbor, who was only eighteen, was just home from school. One afternoon her father returned from the Court of the First Consul in a bad temper and missed his daughter. Her nurse, frightened out of her wits, stammered out that she did not know where she was. With his fierce black eyes aflame, her father unbuckled his sword belt, and put on in its place one which bore the most deadly lethal weapon in the world, a three-cornered rapier nearly three feet in length, and as sharp at the point as a cambric needle, and walked into the garden. There he saw his child sitting with his neighbor's son, whose arms were about her. Perfectly innocent in thought and deed, she sprang up and threw herself between her lover and her father's rapier. All gentlemen wore swords then, and the young man had drawn his involuntarily. But what availed the defense of a youth against the best blade in the Light Division? After two or three passes, in which the sword of the tall powerful soldier curled viperishly around that of his antagonist, with a quick disengage he ran the boy through the heart, and shaking him off his sword he fell heavily—dead. The girl had watched the duel to the death with a face as pale as the mountain snows. She could not even scream. She looked on with dilated eyes and a face frozen in horror. As her father turned to speak she screamed, "Do not touch me, you will kill me as you did Hubert!" and fell as if she too were dead. She never spoke her father's name again, and when the summer flowers faded and died she died too.

When the father discovered that his anger had cost two lives, that the young man had loved with all the fire of his passionate race, but with a sentiment of the highest honor, and that the young girl, who was as innocent as a flower (and all this he learned from the few letters of her lover's that were innocently hidden in the girl's prayer-book), his face grew paler and his manner was gentler to all about him, while his troopers, with a delicacy that belongs to the true soldier of France, respected the father's grief. There had been a clump of Louis Quinze roses grown by the bench where the lovers were sitting when the General found them. This rose is beautifully shaped and of a pale pink color, deepening to almost red at its heart. These rose branches were red with the youth's blood, and the girl's father ordered them to be cut completely away. The next spring green shoots grew from the roots again, and one day his old gardener said, "Monsieur, will you come into the garden? There is a miracle to be seen."

The General went. He had not been near the spot since the day when he saw the eyes he loved, once so soft and happy, look upon him with awful horror—a look that would haunt him forever more. Truly it seemed that a miracle had been wrought. One splendid stem had grown up, and on it was one bud half opened. It was not a pale pink, as the parent had been, but of a splendid cardinal velvety red—a royal rose, full of grace and passionate beauty. The man who had never flinched at the charge of the wild Arab when he rode side by side with Kleber, and stood the shock often of the Hungarian and Polish lancers, put his hands to his eyes and wept like a boy, and the old gardener turned his face away that he might not see the other's grief, while he softly whispered a prayer for the sinless soul that had gone to God, the fairest flower that ever bloomed amid the roses and lilies of France. "Shall I cut it down, my master?" said the old man, softly, after a few minutes of silence. "No; it is the flower of God, and let it grow." It grew and flourished, and this is the legend told me one soft afternoon, in the sweetest tones in the world, of the lover's gift because it sprang from a lover's heart's life-blood, of the queen of roses, the royal Jacqueminot.

RATS recently destroyed $490 in greenbacks belonging to a Walton, N. Y., man, who placed the money in his potato bin for safe keeping.

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When by using the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1100 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, the chances are all in favor of your getting prompt relief: especially if the pain has its origin in nervous derangement. In neuralgia, sick headache, and various nervous affections, this treatment acts with remarkable promptness. Write for pamphlet giving information about this Treatment, and it will be sent free.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SLEEPER.

About the beginning of the year 1738, a woman named Elizabeth Alton, who had been servant to a curate who resided near the town of Mons, in France, when about thirty-six years of age, grew extremely restless and melancholy. In the month of August of the same year, she fell into a sleep which lasted four days, notwithstanding all efforts to awake her. At last she awoke naturally, but became more restless and uneasy than before. For six or seven days, however, she resumed her usual employment, until she fell asleep again, which continued eighteen hours. From that time until the year 1753, which is fifteen years, she fell asleep daily about three o'clock in the morning, without waking until about eight or nine at night.

In 1754, indeed, her sleep returned to the natural periods for four months, and in 1748 a tertian ague prevented her sleeping for three weeks. On February 20th, M. Brady, physician to Prince Charles of Lorraine, went to see her. About five o'clock in the evening they found her pulse extremely regular; on taking hold of her arm it was so rigid that it was not bent without much trouble. They then attempted to lift up her head, but her neck and back were as stiff as her arms. He hallooed in her ear as loud as his voice could reach; he thrust a needle into her flesh up to the bone; he put a piece of rag flaming with spirits of wine to her nose, and let it burn for some time, yet without being able to disturb her in the least. At length, in about six hours and a half, her limbs began to relax; in eight hours she turned herself in the bed, and then suddenly raised herself up, sat by the fire, ate heartily, and began to spin. At other times they whipped her till the blood came; they rubbed her back with honey, and then exposed it to the sting of bees; they thrust pins under her finger nails; and it seems these experimentalists consulted more the gratifying of their own curiosity than the recovery of the unfortunate sufferer.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE patent medicine firm put out 13,000,000 circulars so far this year.

A HEROIC DEED.

Surpassing Even the Deeds of Prowess of Every-Day Life.

A few months ago the country was thrilled with the account of a girl who, at the risk of her life, when the whirling flood of the swollen rivers was wresting great bridges from their foundations, skipped along the ties of a western railway, lantern in hand, and saved a train from certain destruction. The state of Iowa awarded her a suitable medal for her bravery. In this instance it was a child who saved the lives of many adults, but as a rule, the life of a child is in the hands of older persons.

In November, 1883, a little eight-year-old son of Danish parents was suffering with diphtheria. The attack was not severe, but he did not seem to rally after his throat appeared perfectly well. Nausea, headache and low fever succeeded the sore throat, and two or three days afterwards his limbs began to swell mysteriously. The skin became very dry, vomiting was frequent, nose-bleeding was persistent, and nothing would stay in his stomach. "It was evident to our minds," says Mrs. Thomas Schmidt, wife of the vice-consul of Denmark, residing at Netherwood, N. J., "that some mysterious malady was working ruin in his system. Our physician said he had the terrible bright's disease. To our suggestion that a certain preparation be tried, he made no objection. We gave him six doses a day, two teaspoonfuls at a dose, in sweetened water. It remained upon his stomach, and within a week there was a marked improvement. The bowels became regular, without the use of cathartics, and the nausea diminished; in three week there was a subsidence of the dropsy, and by the middle of May the limbs were perfectly normal. He had a good appetite, and could take three pints of milk daily. By the first of May he was up, and though he had spent six months in bed, he did not feel particularly weak. In June he was out, feeling perfectly well, and in July he weighed eight pounds more than he did before he was taken sick. To-day there is only a slight unfavorable condition in his system, and the physicians say we have every reason to believe the child will be perfectly well."

Mrs. Schmidt is certainly to be congratulated on the good results which followed the use of Warner's safe cure, and she says: "We feel bound to make this truly wonderful result known, and are perfectly willing to have this letter published." Gratifying as is the result wrought it is by no means singular, for thousands of children, who seemed weak and puny, have had their entire nature changed and their future assured by a prompt use of the same preparation. Such disorders are transmitted by inheritance, or arise from children's epidemic diseases, the evil effects of which often prove fatal in later life. The secret of the ill-health of many children is that their kidneys and liver are not performing their natural work.

It was a brave feat of the brave girl who crossed the swollen stream on the bridge to save the lives of the passengers; but it was a braver deed, and one worthy of wider recognition which, seeing the perils awaiting childhood, free from prejudice, with a purpose only to save by any effective means, preserves to us the lives of our children.

Humorous.

A HEADLESS RELATION.

When Patrick and Daniel had gone to the battle,
"Like heroes they fought where the carnage was thick,
Through all the confusion, the din and the rattle,
Till Dan, being wounded, cried, "Quick—Patrick, quick!"

"My leg is all smashed, I'm ondacently hurted;
But, Pat, ye won't lave me to perish, I know."
"Oh, mercy protect us!" poor Patrick then blurted,
"But how can I drive off this merciless foe?"

"Ye'll carry me, Pat, as gently as may be,
To that broth of a doctor, he's lingering near."
So up on his back, like an overgrown baby,
Pat mounted his friend, and went to the rear.

But ochone and acushla! the bullets were flying;
The shot and the shell thickly covered the road;
And soon Daniel's head on the greensward was lying,
Though Patrick, unknowing, went on with his load.

"Och! doctor, ye jewel, here's wan of me cousins;
Ye'll mend him up nicely as quick as may be?"
But the doctor replied, "When I've patients in dozens,
You're mad to bring headless relations to me!"

"Had I known 'twas his head, now," cried Patrick, all grieving,
"I'd never have stirred from the battle a peg,
But jist as I'd mounted him up, and was leaving,
He towld me himself it was only his leg!"

—U. N. NONE.

A country seat—The milking-stool.

Why is a horse like an onion? Because it does not know its own strength.

The success of a church choir singer is, after all, largely a matter of chants.

Which two letters of the alphabet tell the downfall of many a young man? X. S.

"Liquor strengthens the voice," says a great tenor. This may be. It certainly strengthens the breath.

Not a light matter. "How did you get it?" asked Gimlet. "I rang the bell," replied Auger. "It must have been very dark. Did you strike a light?" "No," replied Auger, "it felt more like a door."

Herbert Booth King.

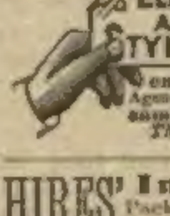
Passers by No. 202 Broadway, New York, near the corner of Fulton street, have recently been attracted by the handsome signs in raised gold letters, announcing the above name over the fine first floor offices formerly occupied by a prominent banking concern. On the plate glass windows in raised letters also appears the wording, "Advertising Agency," referring to the business conducted within. Many of our readers will not fully understand the nature of this occupation, but it is sufficient to say, that it forms an important part of transactions connected with publication business, which is carried on in all large cities. Mr. King has been proprietor of an establishment of his own only a few years, and is still a young man. He had, however, twelve years of valuable practical experience previously in the great house of Harper & Brothers, which eminently qualifies him to handle intelligently and satisfactorily the business of many large and reputable firms, who employ him to promote and protect their interests in his line. He has already displayed marked ability and originality, and attained great success in his profession. His characteristics are strict integrity, fidelity to details, and an equitable regard for all interests coming into business intercourse with his office, which are the undoubted key of his success. He handles no questionable business, which is a most refreshing exception to respectable publications that deal more or less with "Advertising Agencies." Mr. King is a nephew of Miss Mary Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and could not afford to tarnish the name with unsavory connections for illicit gains, even if so inclined. We extend to him our heartiest wishes for still greater success in the way already begun.

An Excellent Democratic Souvenir.

Universally acknowledged to the best and truest lithographic portraits of President Cleveland and Vice-President Hendricks (with Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and McClellan) ever published. All postmasters and office-holders in the present Administration and every good Democrat should embellish their offices and parlors with this appropriate souvenir and standard masterpiece of art. Finely engraved and printed on heavy plate paper 22x28 inches, mailed to any reader of this paper for 50 cents in stamps or postal note; 3 for $1; 7 for $2, safely tubed. No free copies. Confidential terms to those who first order and desire to become agents. Rare chance to make money. Address SOUVENIR PUBLISHING CO., 41 Park Row, N. Y.

Forty Pieces of Music Free.

Every new subscriber to *Strawbridge & Clothier's Quarterly* gets one volume of Musical Bric-a-Brac, Instrumental selections; or one volume of Musical Bric-a-Brac Vocal selections. Pretty cover, clear type, full sheet-music size. The *Quarterly* is the cheapest ladies' magazine in the world. The Spring number contains 120 illustrated pages; colored plate of Paris Fashions; cut-paper pattern Supplement; complete original Novelette, by Robert Grant; new Waltz by Sousa, leader of the Marine Band, etc. Cut this out, enclose 50 cents, mention your choice, instrumental or vocal, and send to Strawbridge & Clothier, Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.



CARDS

50 Different Styles with your name engraved, 10 cts. A Cloth and Gilt bound Agents' book of 90 only styles, 25 cts. No free samples. Card Co., Wallingford, Conn. *This Company does not deal in trash.*

HIRES' Improved Root Beer. Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND. Osgoodby's Method for Self-Instruction. Price, $1.50. Special Instruction by Mail, $5. Send stamp for Specimen Pages, etc.
W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

STATUE OF "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, **in order to raise funds for its completion**, have prepared a miniature statuette *six inches in height*,—the Statue Bronzed; Pedestal, Nickel silvered, which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at **One Dollar Each.**

This attractive souvenir and Mantel or Desk ornament is a *perfect fac simile* of the model furnished by the artist.

The Statuette in same metal *twelve inches high*, at **Five Dollars each**, delivered.

The designs of Statue and Pedestal are protected by U. S. Patents, and the models can *only* be furnished by *this Committee.*

Address, with remittance,
RICHARD BUTLER,
Secretary,
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, **23 Mercer St., New York.**

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, Flesh Worms and Oily Skin.

"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectually removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear, smooth, and unblemished always or money refunded. For those who have NO blotches on the face, it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure, and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents, in stamps, or two for 50 cents, by GEO. N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1126 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Pamphlet gives 378 true and genuine testimonials. My FRECKLE WASH cures Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white; sent, post-paid, for 30 cents.

A Wonderful Offer!
ARING with every pack. FREE
This Ring and 50 of our Beautiful Satin Embossed Cards with name for only 10c.
CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn

Recent Book Issues.

"Look Within" is a neat little manual of useful and convenient reference, containing five thousand facts or more, all of which are interesting and many extremely useful. A. H. Andrews & Co., Chicago.

The "Bad Boy," of whom we have all heard and some of us know, has at last arrived "At Home;" and a record of his humorous experiences is found in a new book just issued, entitled "The Bad Boy at Home." Bound in paper covers. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York.

The second volume of "Tales from Many Sources" fully sustains the promise given by that which preceded it, and holds an excellent collection of choice short stories. The contents are: My Paris Masters, by the author of Reata; Moufiou, by Ouida; Beauchamp & Co., by Mrs. Herbert Martin; The Knightsbridge Mystery, from the *Cornhill Magazine*; Michel Lorio's Cross, by Hesba Stretton; and In Durance Vile, by the Duchess. These make up an exceedingly interesting and very readable volume. Published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Received from Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Babyhood is a magazine devoted exclusively to those having the care of infants and young children. The May number is full of matter mothers and nurses might find it well to know. Published at 18 Spruce St., New York.

For May that excellent health publication *The Sanatarian* has the following contents: Education in the United States; Ready Method of Determining the Amount of Carbonic Dioxide in the Atmosphere; Army Sanitation; Dangerous Pottery; Sewage Disposal in England; London Sewage Nuisance; Public Health and Legislation; "Irrigation as a process for Purifying Sewage;" More Examples of Yellow Fever Impositions; etc., etc. There are also many timely hints on Cholera, summer diseases, etc. Published at 113 Fulton St., New York.

Arthur's Home Magazine has the following contents for May: Frontispiece—Coming Through the Wood; The Home of Juliet and Romeo, illustrated; Hunchback Jim, illustrated; The Silver Thread, by Annie L. Muzzey; Mother's Department; Boys' and Girls' Treasury; The Home Circle; Housekeepers' Department; Religious Reading; Evenings with the Poets; Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework, illustrated; Fashion Department; Editorial, etc., etc.

The North American Review concludes its seventieth year with its June number. This number discusses seven topics of vital interest. "Shall Silver be Demonetized?" is answered, pro and con, by three distinguished economists, Sumner, Laughlin and Walker, representing Yale and Harvard Colleges, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Tardiness of Justice, is discussed by Judge W. L. Learned; and, Prohibition in Politics, by Gail Hamilton; The Swearing Habit, by E. P. Whipple; and, French Spoliation Claims, by Edward Everett. The policy of the Roman Catholic hierarchy toward our Public Schools is assailed in a learned essay by Mr. M. C. O'Byrne, of North Carolina, and defended by Bishop Keane, of Virginia, with equal erudition. "How Shall Women Dress?" is answered by Charles Dudley Warner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Dr. W. A. Hammond, Dr. Kate J. Jackson, and Mrs. E. M. King, the English leader of the dress reform movement. The North American Review, New York.

The *Quiver* for June is bright and balmy. In a paper on "After the Honey-Moon," the Rev. E. L. Hardy tells some homely truths about that interesting period. In "A Mission Underground" Anne Beale gives a graphic account of the work carried on in the crypt of St. Philip's Church at the back of the London Hospital. A particularly interesting paper is on the "Graven Records of Bunhill Fields," a burying ground given over to the bones of famous people. Not only does the dust of Mrs. Susannah Wesley lie here, but also those of her famous son John, Daniel De Foe, Isaac Watts, George Fox, and John Bunyan. In his series on "Popular American Preachers," Dr. L. D. Bevan gives sketches of Henry Ward Beecher, Richard S. Storrs, and T. Dewitt Talmage, with portraits of each. There is also plenty by way of Special Sunday reading. Likewise an unusual amount of fiction. There is also more poetry than usual, and plenty of "Short Arrows." The illustrations are numerous and attractive. Cassell & Co., New York.

Arthur's Magazine has the following contents for June: Roses, by George Macdonald; Habits of Bees, by H.; The Kingfisher; A Red, Red Rose, by Robert Burns; George Eliot's Grave; Religious Reading; Boys' and Girls' Treasury; The Home Circle; Evenings with the Poets; Young Ladies' Department; Housekeepers' Department; Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework; Fashion Department; etc., etc., etc. Arthur & Co., Publishers, Phila., Pa.

Lippincott's Magazine for June is rich both in story and fact. Among its contents are: "On this Side" serial; "Aurora," serial; The Year 1900; The Skeleton of a Pipe; The Return of the Natives; What Shall a Woman Do When her Husband Fails in Business; With the Conquerors in 1870; The Lover in the Woods; etc., etc. Lippincott, Publisher, Phila.

A ONE-LEGGED man was fined $10 by an Albany justice for assaulting a man who has no hands.

Facetiæ.

A ten strike—A blow with both fists.

A court house—The house of marriageable daughters.

An old convict's advice to his son: "Never steal a horse, my boy, unless he is faster than any other horse in the neighborhood."

It is difficult to see what race existed at the beginning of the history of mankind, but it is probable that the people who will be on hand at the end are the Finnish.

Satan was early described as one who went up and down the earth, seeking whom, or what, he might devour. He was the original dead and free lunch fiend.

The use of the fork at the table was unknown to the ancient Greeks: but it doesn't signify that a man's ancestors came from Athens simply because he scoops up the grease on his plate with a knife.

"Dennis, I'll make you a present of the few little articles you have stolen from me during the year," said Flipkins to his porter. "Thankee, sir," returned Dennis, "may all your friends trate you the same way."

"Here's your money, dolt!" cried an angry debtor. "Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum?" "I am sure I can't tell, sir," said the shop-boy, "but I think it was because seventeen letters didn't fetch it."

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old one day. "No," he sobbed in reply, "but my mother is." "And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of a juvenile who was waiting, with a tin can in his hand the advent of a companion. "I like goin' well enough," he replied, "but I don't like stayin' after I get there."

—THE MILD POWER CURES—

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. **Simple, Safe and Sure.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.25
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6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.....	.50
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27	Kidney Disease.....	.50
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Canfield Seamless Dress Shields

are elastic, seamless, waterproof, absorbent, odorless, strong, yet soft as kid, do not wrinkle, chafe or rip. The sales are double that of any other Shield made in the U. S. or Europe.

Samples sent free on payment of 10 cents

The Canfield Rubber Co., Bridgeport, Ct.

TO EMBROIDER CRAZY QUILTS,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. Forty cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches inclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.**, 621 Market St., Phila., Pa.

Narrow Escape.

* * * ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in my back and —*Kidneys.*

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony!!!!

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!!!!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain, and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and, taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.

"I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again.

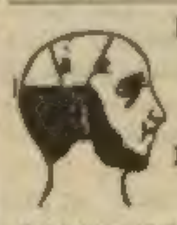
In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used.

J. J. BECK. Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife, Sister, Mother,
"Or daughter!!!!
"Can be made the picture of health?
"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



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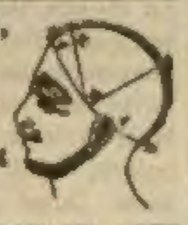

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAZO TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

WANTED A WOMAN

of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality. SALARY $35 to $50; reference exch'd. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay St., N.Y.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Encyclopedia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY CRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 13 packs $1. Wonderful best sold. Sample Book, 4c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

40 HORSESHOE HAND BOUQUET CHROMO CARDS, 10c. U. W. BROOKS, Putney, Vt.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY.

Pneumonia, Consumption, Dyspepsia and Wasting Diseases.

Positively Relieved and Nature assisted in restoring Vital powers

THIS WHISKEY SHOULD BE FOUND ON THE SIDEBOARD OF EVERY FAMILY

IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE. ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSEL OIL.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED.—Many Druggists and Grocers who do not have **Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey in stock**, attempt to palm off on customers, whiskey of their own bottling, which being of an inferior grade and adulterated, pays them a larger profit.

ASK FOR DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, AND TAKE NO OTHER

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Price ONE DOLLAR Per Bottle.

Send us your address and we will mail book containing valuable information. *Sample Quart Bottles* sent to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), securely *packed in plain case, Express charges prepaid* on receipt of **$1.25**, or Six Bottles sent for **$6.00**

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Braid is still employed to some extent, but not in the same way as during the past season; it is now only used as a border heading a fringe, which falls from the lower side. The patterns are all the same description, in straight lines, and very often the fringe simply consists of the unravelled ends of the braid. Jackets, pelerines and small visites are also in some cases entirely covered with rows of braid, a quarter of an inch wide, sewn on at regular intervals in vertical stripes. One side of each row of braid is edged with gold beads or interwoven with gold thread, and the ends of the braid falling below the edge of mantle are unravelled and form the fringe. Black mantles are sometimes ornamented with arabesques or Japanese designs cut out of some different material, and appliqued on the mantle with fine braid put on in loops round all the outlines. This plan is most frequently adopted with mantles to be worn with special dresses, the appliques being made of the dress material.

However great the variety of mantles may be, there is still no doubt that the favorite models will be the very small mantillas, quite short at the back and with turned-under sleeves, or rather similar shapes with a postillion pleat at the back; the mantelet ends in front are either pointed, square or scalloped.

Very small capotes with pointed open brim are also made of embossed velvet, with the brim of etamine lined with silk and bordered with fine chenille fancy braid. A bow, composed of loops of satin and velvet ribbon, fastening in a small bouquet of flowers, forms the only ornament.

Straw hats are chiefly of the high-crowned, narrow-brimmed description that suit nearly all faces; in some models the brim is plain all round, in others it is bent, opened, or arranged in some tasteful manner on one side. Narrow gold braid, and other kinds of braid, either plain or mixed with gold, are very much employed as trimmings; they are used to border the brim, are placed as bands around the crown, and formed into bows and rosettes fastened on with long gilt pins at the foot of the plume of feathers. These plumes consist of feather tips in two or three shades matching the straw, or else the plume is in one shade, while a long, sweeping feather in another color falls over the brim in back and partly conceals the hair.

The new woolen materials are distinguished by a remarkable combination of apparently opposite qualities; they are thick and rough in appearance, and yet of extreme lightness and softness, many of them bear a striking resemblance to beds of moss in which small flowers are growing, large patterns of flowers being at present far less fashionable than smaller ones. Some of the new fabrics are in alternate wide stripes of thick and open work material, the transparent stripe being in the most vivid colors—red, gold, or some other bright tint. Thick woolen canvas figured with spots or flowers in woolen plush, is another novelty, and woolen etamine is made in so many new ways, and is so elegant and serviceable a fabric that it will be very much worn. Plain and printed etamine are combined together or employed separately; some of the printed etamines are very lovely; the ground in white, cream, or pink, with designs of garlands or bouquets of flowers; one, for instance, is sky-blue with a scattered pattern of pink wild roses, another is cream with a design of Nice violets. The thick mossy fabrics have similar designs of separate flowers, and are made in all colors with the flower in some contrasting tints.

Woolen or mohair laces, worn over skirts of woolen or silken fabrics, are likely to be as popular as black lace dresses, and more serviceable and less dressy than these. This woolen lace is made in a variety of colors and is over forty-seven inches wide; and a plain material that combines well with it, made of the same kind of wool is less expensive. Sultana lace is a less costly fabric of the same kind, also accompanied by a plain material to match.

A very curious novelty is a rough but transparent woolen fabric, light enough for summer wear, although warm in appearance. Thibet canvas is another of these fashionable semi-transparent woolen materials. A closer fabric is the *Chevre du Malabar*, a very soft and silky mohair, delightfully fresh and youthful looking, and which may be associated with a polonaise or corsage and panels of figured silken material. Indian muslin, in wool, embroidered in cross-stitch with silk and gold, is equally pretty, whether the embroidery is in colors that contrast or harmonize with the ground; embroidered voiles are also fashionable, but the embroidery is in satin-stitch, not in cross-stitch. *Cable Pekin* is a canvas or open fabric with thick, wide stripes; the new voiles, on the contrary, have very narrow stripes. *Mousseline chevriotte*, Indian muslin, and Hindoo voile are all light woolen fabrics made in white *dentelle armure*, and lined with colored silk will be much used for little girls' toilettes, but not exclusively for these, as many young ladies' dresses are made of it.

A long mantle of black canvas grenadine is lined with red, and profusely trimmed with the new black Yak woolen lace, fastened at the throat with long streamers of broad black satin ribbon. This mantle, in form, is suitable for both day and evening wear, looking well over any sort of dress. In rough black or colored woolen canvas a smart little mantelet is made, short at the back, and with long ends in front, falling in flat folds, lined throughout with shot silk, and trimmed at the sleeves and throat with colored plaited velvet. The upper part of the mantelet at the back is of plaited velvet, with the canvas put on in gathers, simulating a hood. This, when worn with a dress of the same, forms a smart costume. Bonnets made of the woolen canvas are novel, and are powdered with loops of small beads, and tied with broad velvet strings. For lighter wear there are silk grenadine mantles, profusely beaded with the new gray metal beads, resembling small shot, which are one of the novelties of the season. Also a variety of others, richly laden with jet and gathered lace.

Travelers are becoming more fastidious about their wraps and appearance than they were a short time ago, and waterproof cloaks are no longer the ugly shapeless things they formerly were. A variety of pretty, becoming, graceful dolman and long plain cloaks are displayed for traveling, rough country use, driving and riding. In cloaks, there is the dolman, the Scarborough, the Princess and several other shapes in striped grey, resembling ribbed velveteen, in shot blue and shot red, as well as in tartan, small checks and plain colors, lined with a contrasting one. Some have large sleeves, put in full at the shoulders, and fit closely to the figure (all woven, without a single stitch put in), others have a movable hood, which will transform itself into a not unbecoming headpiece, while others again resemble the Inverness cape and the coachman's coat. All are wonderfully light, even the large cloaks, which completely envelope the figure. The waterproof tweeds are quite a specialty, and these are made up into warm wraps for long drives or sea journeys, some being extremely thick and warm. A new and consequently more costly fabrics the silk waterproof, being of pure silk, in very narrow stripes, and light as possible in weight. This is intended for occasions, such as *fetes*, etc., when the uncertainty of weather requires a wrap, useful, at the same time ornamental to cover a rich costume. The capes and jackets, for riding, and also habits, are to be seen in a variety of shades.

As the season advances, the shops return to their normal state of brightness and freshness. Novelties are displayed to suggest to us that we have many of which we were unconscious, before seeing the pretty articles set out on the fancy counter to tempt the money out of our purses. There is no lack of designs in the handles of those necessary appendages to parasols. Most extraordinary in size are some of them. On one a droll parrot perches, the crook of another is formed of an impossible bird's head, to classify would tax the learning of an ornithologist. The oddest idea of all is the substitute of a ripe apple for the usual knob. But anyone who would be seen carrying such an umbrella, would doubtless be indifferent to the idea generally entertained that art should follow nature.

Domestic Economy.

The taste for brilliant colors shown in dresses this season prevails in all the knick-knacks so lavishly scattered about rooms. Large jockey caps and lawn-tennis balls, with their gay sections, are utilized, the former as a pin-cushion, and the other as a receptacle for either an inkstand or a ball of twine. On the walls of a gentleman's dressing-room hangs a flashing board, covered with ruby plush, and provided at the lower part with two pockets, as if intended to hold cards or envelopes, but in each of them is slipped a hair brush, with the handle projecting upwards, the ivory of the back showing through an open medallion, and making a striking contrast to the warm and vivid plush. A little above, in the centre, shines the looking glass. All these pretty trifles are generally the work of the ladies of the house, as well as the candles and lamp shades in such vogue just now. Japanese paper and feather butterflies look very uncommon on the candles of a candelabrum, each one being of a different color. Small paper fans, large tiger lilies, and a tuft of pansies, with leaves, are also becoming novelties. Charming medallions, consist in an oval-shaped piece of card-board decorated with a dainty bouquet of wee dried flowers and leaves, edged with a green ribbon ruching, which is box-pleated and fastened in the centre with green glurp. The crimped tissue paper is still used for these ornaments; a circular one is composed of a wreath of yellow vandyked bands curiously arranged and specially prepared for brass candlesticks. The large round shades, somewhat bell-shaped, are also made of the same combination, except that three or four garlands of the blossoms almost cover the crumpled plain foundation, which is occasionally simply edged lace, or enhanced with an embossed scrap representing a flower, a butterfly, etc. For lamps, the most original notion I have seen of late is a wired frame, over which was stretched a deep red silk edged with two wide flounces of old soft lace; one was left to fall all round as a frill, whilst the other was raised here and there to be stitched in waves over the silk foundation. Over the curved ribs and round the narrow openings were sewn long glossy cocks' feathers exactly of the same hue as the silk—a lovely model belonging to the parasol class, so as to speak, to distinguish it from the small circles and rectangles, only meant to soften the light on one special spot like those mentioned above.

Nothing about a house is more conducive to work or to profitable hours of amusement than a good spacious table, no matter of what it is made. At one end of it should be a few drawers, at the other a shelf or two and every requisite for drawing, painting or writing placed upon it and always to be found there. It will be the one spot where the members of the family go to spend their idle moments.

Amateurs are much interested at present in making bits of stained glass. For the process of putting the pieces together, of drawing the design and cementing the glass, reference should be made to the proper text book. The richest effects are now made with broken and imperfect pieces of glass—glass with bubbles in it, lumps that have suffered in the cooling, glasses of mixed colors, etc. One of the stained glass makers of the country told the writer lately that by using imperfect glass, he was able to make far richer effects than with the perfect pieces. In some of his work will be found large lumps of broken glass an inch or two thick.

The latest novelties in metal work take one back to the sixteenth century. Wrought iron is almost universally in favor. Lately a number of workers in iron came to this country and are driving a thrifty trade. The work is expensive, but often of great beauty. Little of the very delicate work of old times is seen. Such work consumes an enormous amount of time and labor. Chandeliers, fire-dogs, gas-jets, fire-wood baskets, cranes, lanterns and a host of other things are made of it.

A vine that is growing in popularity for use upon city and country houses is the ampelopis, or Japanese ivy. It has been used greatly in Boston. It grows rapidly, is hardy, profuse, and turns a beautiful color in the autumn. A sprig planted below a stone wall will cover it in a year or two and will take care of itself. It clings tenaciously to stone, as does ivy but must be trained over painted wood.

There is often a door in a country house where the door itself swinging on hinges is inconvenient or not needed. The Turks make an effective portiere for such a door as follows: secure several bundles of reeds such as are used for pipe stems. These cost about fifty cents a bundle. Cut them in lengths of about one foot or eighteen inches and string them together, separating each piece of bamboo with a large colored bead. After threading enough of these to cover the length of the door, make a second thread of them, a third and so on. When enough is secured to cover the door a cross piece with brad holes is made to which they are attached and hung in place. The result, if carefully made, is of a curtain, through which one can pass at any point. The rattle of the beads and reeds is not unpleasant. A needle may be made of copper wire for passing the thread through the bamboo if a long slender steel one is not at hand.

It takes years often to find out the value of the littlest of economies about a house. At the present time nine-tenths of the bookcases that are sold are so constructed at the sides that the interior mouldings lap over the bookspaces, so that books get behind them and not only cannot be found, but when found can only with trouble be removed. In getting a bookcase one should see that the sides are as smooth as the shelf itself. The same thing applies to the cornice not only of bookcases, but of wardrobes and other similar articles of furniture. The top should be flush with the cornice, so that articles of "bigotry and virtue" may be easily placed upon them and removed, and, what is of greater consequence, so that the servant may not neglect to dust it.

An unusually comfortable chair may be made by carrying the two back pieces to the height of the head. Between these a leather cushion is suspended from four or five rivets and rings attached to either side From these rings are straps or strong ribbons, which are attached at proper intervals to the cushion. The cushion may be replaced by a strong broad strap or two, after the fashion of the seats in tilburies. The chair must be strongly made.

Confidential Correspondents.

D. E.—The pay of a United States general is $13,500; of a lieutenant-general, $11,000.

TYRO.—Every battery is vaunted as best. To know which is the cheapest and simplest to run an electric bell either consult an electrician and trust to your own judgment.

ROSE.—Common salt is found abundantly in nature. It exists in small quantities in most waters, and in all soils. It diminishes the tendency of animal or vegetable substances to decompose. Persons who are afflicted with scrofulous diseases should eat little or no salt.

J. L. T.—It is possible to learn to play without the aid of a teacher. Any music-seller will supply you with a book of instructions. You would find that a few lessons would help you considerably to enable you to master the theory; you would then acquire the practice more readily, and, in the end, it would be time, and probably money, saved.

PRESS.—The navy of Great Britain had in January 246 vessels and 56,250 men; that of France had 352 vessels and 39,305 men; Russia had 373 vessels and 28,975 men; Italy, 72 ships and 15,140 men; Germany, 21 ships and 15,200 men; Spain had 124 vessels and 21,678 men. England and Italy have probably the strongest war vessels.

J. W. W.—Although we have societies for almost every conceivable thing, we never heard of an organization for promoting the use of tobacco, nor of one for its suppression. By some temperance societies, however, the indulgence is prohibited, although there are thousands of total abstainers who do not go so far as this. It is very absurd, therefore, to say that smoking is necessarily associated with drinking.

B. C. D.—Parents are too prone to forget they have once been young themselves. Love not only laughs at lock-smiths, but at every impediment; and where the affection is real and true, let others beware how they attempt to prevent its consummation. Opposition gives an air of romance to love, somewhat of the old genius of the passion. Stolen interviews, private meetings, every stratagem to elude detection, all contribute to intensify their adoration for one another, and by contrary winds the flame of love is made more bright and pure.

J. B.—If your weak eyesight is, as you think, the result of excessive reading, by all means give them a rest for a time, if possible; but, if compelled to read at night, avoid the glare of the gas, and use instead a lamp with a shade, to throw the light on to your book. It would, perhaps, be well to wear spectacles, if you take care to get good ones which suit your sight. These precautions will perhaps effect a cure without any outward application, though you might cass the eyes by bathing sometimes in a weak solution of alum, or with half a pint of water with five drops of tincture of arnica in it.

P. J.—This is a tendency which is more easily overcome if attacked indirectly. To strive to be unconscious of self is the very way to be self-conscious. The remedy is to cultivate an interest in all that is going on around you. Thus, if you are in company and conversation springs up, concentrate your mind on the subject under discussion, and endeavor to strike out a line of thought of your own. If a piece of music is being played, give yourself up to the enjoyment of it, and try to trace the air from point to point. Or, if it is being sung, endeavor to make out the words (this in the case of most vocalists will be a sufficiently arduous exercise, which will leave you little opportunity for self-consciousness), and to judge of the suitability or unsuitability of music to the sentiment.

PROCOPIUS.—People's ideas of beauty differ so widely, that what is all loveliness to one may be the positive reverse to another. Beauty is regulated by no arbitrary rule. One of your models of perfection, however, is too apt to fall in love with himself. Women cannot be too much upon their guard, or too watchful and exacting in the choice of a lover. It is lunacy to suffer the affections to be taken captive by beauty, genius, or fascinating powers before the reason is convinced of the soundness of principle, purity, of faith, and integrity of mind of the future husband; for one must look beyond the days of courtship, beyond the calm pleasant evenings, beyond the day of days, the white gloves, and the orange blossoms all tremulous with the excitement of the wearer.

E. MORIN.—The Sphinx was a fabulous monster, and appears to have been distinguished both for wisdom and cruelty. The Thebans were told that the Sphinx would destroy herself as soon as one of her enigmas could be explained. She proposed the following:—"What animal walketh on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" Creon, King of Thebes, promised his crown and his sister in marriage to whoever could rid the world of the monster, by solving the riddle. Œdipus succeeded, observing that "man walked upon his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life; at noon he walked erect on his two legs; and in the evening of his days supported his infirmities with a stick." The Sphinx no sooner heard this explanation than she threw herself from a rock, and expired.

READER.—It is one of the many legends of the Rhine in which rats prominently figure. The most generally received version of the story is that in the thirteenth century, a piper named Hunting, who wore a "pied" dress, undertook for a certain sum of money to free the town of Hamelin, in Brunswick, of the rats which infested it; but when he had enticed them to their destruction in the river by his pipe the townsmen refused payment. In revenge, the piper collected together all the children of the place, and allured them by his music into a cavern in the side of the Mountain Koppenberg, which instantly closed upon them, and 130 went down alive into the pit. The street through which the man conducted his victims was known as Bungen, and from that day to this no music has been allowed in it. Frichius, in his "Exodus Hamelensis," maintains the substantial truth of the story, but another authority, Martin Schoock, in his "Fabula Hamelensis, contends that it is a mere myth. Similar tales are told of the fiddler of Brandenburg, of the hermit of Lorch, and and of the dwarf of Ispahan. Mr. Robert Browning has a poem on the subject, in which occurs the following vivid description of the effect of the music on the rats:—

"To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled * *
And ere three notes his pipe had uttered * *
Out of the houses rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats—
And step by step they followed him dancing,
Till they came to the river Weser."